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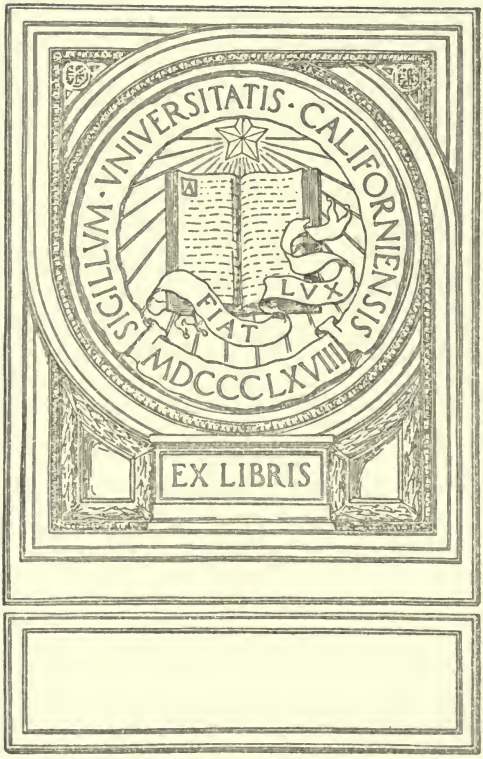
Legends of the Red Race

ILLUSTRATED

FRANK C. RIEHL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From

M. L. I. K.

"And looking off across the vast
Wide ranges, stretching out before."

—p 17.

Runes of the Red Race

Frank C. Riehl

Alton, Illinois
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1899

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Dedication

What happy days in field and camp,
When erst these various tales were told!
What recollections they recall
Of hours that held life's purest gold!
In meagre recompense of all
The writer's part in these fair joys,
Proudly this volume is inscribed
To Captain Harry and "The Boys."

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Preface

TO the very generous reception accorded by the public to my former book, "Poems of the Piasa," is due this second venture into the field of modern poetic literature. Like the former volume, too, it is keyed in the reminiscent measure of legendary and semi-historic themes as related to the passing of the North American Indian from the world's stage of action.

Reared in a region where the traces of inhabitance by the Indians have not yet been obliterated by civilization, and are everywhere to be seen, the writer's earliest impressions were formed on this subject, and he early conceived the idea that here was a theme worthy of study and research which thus far had been practically neglected from the literary point of view. It was under this conception that the Legend of the Piasa and other kindred poems, published in 1896, were written while

the composer was engaged, as a boy, in the arduous duties of farm life on the old homestead. The indorsement of this work, first by personal friends, and later by a constantly widening circle of the reading public, has so far confirmed the writer's first belief as to prompt the preparation of the more pretentious tales which appear under the present title.

The first poem, dealing with the conquest of the Illini by their old foes, the Iroquoi, is essentially historic, and covers an act in this tragedy of nations which, so far as the writer is aware, has never been consistently recorded. The other poems in this department are merely the fruitage of occasional thoughts, and versifications of vague legends gleaned in the periodical pursuit of this general subject. That they deal rather with the dark than the sunny side of life is no design of the writer's, but a necessary consistency with the character of the theme.

The illustrations used in this book are exact photographic reproductions, and may convey to foreign readers some idea of the natural grandeur of this region about the confluence of the three great mid-continental rivers of America, the Mississippi, Missouri and Illinois, and to local residents

at least a pleasing suggestion of long familiar scenes.

The miscellaneous poems in the latter half of this book are chosen from many occasional verses, and are printed in the hope that each, choosing according to taste, may find among them something suggesting pleasant thoughts for an idle hour.

Such is the mission, if it may be so called, of this modest volume, and if it meets with kindly reception fulfilling these thoughts, the writer will be well content.

Very truly yours,

FRANK C. RIEHL.

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Anthelion

I.

As one who on the fallow plain
    Stands gazing at the sunset hills,
Beholds the evening shadows wane
    And all his soul with rapture thrills,
The while the light of fading day
    In silhouette against the sky,
By contrast with the twilight gray
    Recalls its glories, soon to die,
So on the sombre heights of time
    That mark the record of his race,
Methinks an Indian in his prime
    Leans on his horse in stolid grace
And looking off across the vast
    Wide ranges, stretching out before,
Reflects upon the val'rous past
    Of his proud people,—proud no more.

II.

The day was earnest, full of strife;
    Marked by its round of toil and care,
And death came near, and sorrow's knife
    Cut to the verge of calm despair;

But faith was stronger, hope was true,
While love brought victory from defeat,
And in this retrospective view
Comes back reflected, doubly sweet.
So once the Indian: in his ire
A demon of avenging fate,
Sating with tomahawk and fire
His thirst of cumulative hate,
Yet was he noble, spite of all,
And over his unhonored grave,
Pause we in reverence, to recall
He erst was true, as always brave.

III.

Though every sun that gilds the west
Gives promise of a fairer morn,
And every throb of vague unrest
Attends some better thought, new-born,
Yet, when achievements haply passed
Are mirrored back in memory's eye,
We tarry, fain to hold them fast
As treasure-trove, with homage high.
None doubts the universal plan
That dominates the mortal race
Foredoomed the Red Man, and began
Through his defeat, a worthier place:
But we, rememb'ring yet his might,
Are prone to mirror what we may,
Ere, in oblivion's starless night,
The fair anthelion fades away.

The Song of Twin Waters

The Song of Twin Waters*

A Tale of Two Tribes

PROEM

Rest we beside the crystal springs,
And hearken while their music sings
The sad traditions of the vale;
A requiem for the nameless graves
Where rests the dust of warrior braves,
Whose downfall marks the valorous tale.

And, quaffing of the waters pure,
Will make the fateful song secure
From skepticism as we go;
Since all the story, void of art,
Has here its living counterpart,
In these twin fountains, as they flow.

Note I.—Appendix.

The Lone Cedar

HIGH on the range of Eastern hills
That bound the Illinois,
There towers o'er the topmost cliff,
In proud, majestic poise,
An isolated cedar tree
Which marks the final rest
Of one who in his day was held
The bravest and the best,—
An Indian chief of Illini,
Whose blood, in lieu of tears,
Gave moisture to the germ that grew
Through intervening years,—

Forming a stem of rugged strength,
Symmetrical and true,
Holding its secret undisturbed,
Which mortal never knew,
Till one of the invading race
Who first o'ercame this height,

On idle observation bent,
Met here an awesome sight:
Inwoven by the cedar's roots,
And pinioned firmly there,
The framework of a human form,
In attitude of prayer.*

But even as he fixed his gaze,
In fascination bound,
He caught, upon the evening breeze,
A faint, familiar sound,
When, through the maze, the tree was changed
To living form and face,
And greeted him a grizzled Chief
Of that historic race.
The breeze that played about the place
Sighed softly in the leaves,
And heard he, as a messenger
Some sacred trust receives,

These data of historic fact,
So rescued from the vast
Unknown and unrecorded tomes
That shroud the Red Man's past:

*Note II.—Appendix.

"The shade am I of Fighting Bear,
Of Monesthon the sire,
And many were the lusty braves
Who sought my council fire;
But came a time of winter moons
When shadows dimmed the eye,
And I was left, an aged man,
Upon this rock, to die.

"With heavy heart I stayed behind
And saw my warriors go;
But they who cannot fight must die,
So wills the Manitou;
Though Fighting Bear was killed with shame
When down on yonder plain
By wild Mouaqua's murderous hosts
He saw his people slain.
Then fell he on his face and prayed
The Spirits to defend
The brave traditions of his race;
He saw the battle end

"'Mid every semblance of defeat,
And bursting then his heart,
He found his life transmuted so,
A mournful counterpart,

To guard the olden glory. Now
My spirit longs to see
My noble sons, but they, alas,
Come never back to me."
So heard the stranger all the tale,—
With reverential air
Received, as from a source divine,
The details, dark and fair;

And promised in his heart to give
These legends as they came,
In justice to the fallen race,
To hold their humble fame.
His busy fellows plied their trade
On field and stream below,
While o'er Moauqua's waving plains
Hung soft the evening glow;
And to this idle dreamer came
The inspiration then
To pluck the eagle of his plumes,
And wield the poet's pen.

The Tragedy of Love

"FEAR nothing," called the warrior youth,
With all a hero's ire;
"I fear not," rang the maiden's voice
Above the funeral pyre:
"Know that I cherish none the less,"
Cried out the lover's heart;
"These tongues of flame bring no regret,"
Came back the woman's part:
"Our love hath conquered—even—this."
So passed his parting breath;
And she with eyes that sought the sky:—
"Love—conquered—even—death."

Dread was the scene and sad the day
When stern Mouaqua's hand
Led these proud victims to their fate,
And brought the burning brand;
And they who answered at his beck,
Accustomed to agree

With his behest in everything,
Recoiled at this decree
Which sent his nephew to the stake,
And doomed with him to die,
The winsome child of Monesthon,
Great Chief of Illini.

But most of all the throng perturbed
Was Nottoway, the sage,
Who stood apart and viewed the scene
With deep, prophetic rage;
Forsooth he saw beyond this hour
The fruitage it must bring
When vengeance, riding with the wind,
Would shame the eagle's wing;
And in the shadow of the cliff
He offered fervent prayer
Petitioning the Manitou
His righteous wrath to spare.

"Alas!" he cried, "that youth so brave,
So full of manly fire,
Must fall so ignominiously
To sate a despot's ire:
And maid so fair, for gentle love,
Must perish in her bloom,

In manner that should better fit
The meanest foeman's doom.
O, Pequan, in thy dust I see
Dread Retribution rise,
And Ineosa's ashes plead
For vengeance to the skies."

Lo! now Mouaqua's vibrant voice
Rings through the quiet vale,
And even those of stoutest heart
Before his anger quail.
"Ha! wolves and vipers! you would bring
Nah-yan-tah's tribes to shame,—
And mix the blood of Iroquoi
With such degraded name:
This whelp of an unworthy son
Who shamed his better birth,
Would stoop to wed an Illini,
And grovel in the earth.

"Say none he was of kin to me,
On pain of instant death;
His acts belied his mother's name
With every venomed breath.
Here have we come to wage the war
Of conquest to the end;

And he who should have led the fight
Turns traitor to defend
A squaw of them we seek to slay;
O, Spirits of the dead!
Hurl all the spells of evil might
On yonder burning bed!''

He drew his bow and shot his shaft
So strong and true of aim,
That each was buried in the dust;
When lo, distinct there came
The sound of waters rippling through,—
Each circle burst in twain
And merged into a crystal flood
That bubbled up amain.
Who saw the wonder fled in fear,
Save but the haughty Chief,
Who stood in attitude of scorn,
'Twixt awe and unbelief.*

A moment moved, he saw the dread
Which sat on every face,
Then rallied with the force of will
That marked his stubborn race,

*Note III.—Appendix.

And called aloud to Nottoway:
"Thou claimest to be wise,
Read me the sign of victory
That lurks in this disguise."
But stood the sage with troubled mien,
"Alack!" he said, aghast,
"Here is no need of prophecy,
The end hath come at last."

The Fateful Prophecy

"READ me this riddle," said the Chief,
"Have done with woman's fears,
Or I will sound a coward's knell
About those craven ears."
"Nay, Chieftain," answered Nottoway,
"I have no fear of thee;
When thou in days of brighter moons
Wast fairly just to me,
My little wit I freely gave
Whene'er occasion came,
But it were more than folly now
To shield this deed of shame.

"Know then that thou has forfeited
The Manitou's esteem,
And thou shalt find thy fate beyond
The bounds of yonder stream.
Whom thou hast slain was more than all
Thyself hast ever been;

He was the hope of Iroquoi,
And should have led them in
From war's wild carnage to the ways
Of peace and happiness,
Whence they departed erst when thou
Didst lead them to transgress.

"O, spirits of the warrior dead,
Who fell in bloody strife
To satisfy Mouaqua's ends,
That reckoned not your life,
Would Nottoway had fallen, too,
Ere came this crowning deed
Of murder, through a tyrant's zeal
To sate his selfish greed:
O, maids and matrons who have wept
For lords and lovers dead,
A deeper grief shall come ere yet
Another moon hath sped.

"O, solitude of singing pines,
Beside the Inland Sea,
An outcast in this dreary land
Would give his life to be
A nerveless atom in the vast
Of that primeval shade,

Where despotism should not come,
Nor avarice invade.
Yet mine is only trivial pain
To what this day must bring
To every child of Iroquoi,
Of fatal reckoning.

"These fountains, coming from the dust
Of blighted life, proclaim
That Pequan's death shall be avenged;
And Ineosa's name
Shall bless the waters evermore;
But, first, a word of doom,
It shall be whispered in his ear
Who wears a victor's plume.
So shall the price of life be paid,
And when this word is said
The victors, vanquished in the field,
Shall mourn their glory,—fled.

"What mean these lies?" Mouaqua cried;
"Who dares thus answer me?"
"I dare it," calmly spoke the sage,
"And hear thou this decree:
This marvel e'en proclaims that all
Who for thy sins are dead

"Rest we beside the crystal springs,
And harken while their music sings
The sad traditions of the vale."

—p. 20.

Shall bar the happy hunting grounds
To thine unworthy tread;
And that, when in thy hour of might,
The glory of renown
Comes near to thee, a woman's hand,
Perforce, shall strike thee down."

"'Tis well that thou art done, indeed."
The calm of savage rage
Was in the monarch's voice and mien,
Who knew no mental gauge
That did not justify his course;
And calling to the edge
A score of half-bewildered braves,
He pointed to the ledge,
High on the snow-white cliffs above,
Where showed a narrow cleft
Of ingress to the solid rock,
By Nature's forces reft.*

"Bind him and bear to yonder height,
Then lower to the cave,
And leave him there to prophecy
His carcass from the grave.

*Note IV.—Appendix.

There will the vampires entertain,
And mind his sage behest,
While sing for him the rattlesnakes
Their lullaby of rest,—
Or first, mayhap, he may have heard
What warmed his heart with joy,
The last surrender of his friends
Beyond the Illini."

The Camp of the Illini

THE sun was gone behind the hills
That fringe the Western sky,
And through the forest came the sound
Of waters rippling by;
The breath of Autumn in the air
Had toned the ripened leaves
To every touch of coloring
That Nature's garb receives
When come the Indian Summer days;
Within the range of wood,
And looking out upon the plain,
A thousand wigwams stood.

Here were the hosts of Illini
Camped in their last retreat;
Pressed by th' invading Iroquoi,
They had, with tact discreet,
Avoided conflict 'till they saw
The friendly waters flow

Between them and the enemy;
Then every brave his bow
Drew to the shaft, with firm resolve,
Whatever might befall,
To challenge the invaders, and
E'en gain or forfeit all.

Thrice had Mouaqua sought to break
That phalanx of defense,
And thrice was driven to retreat
With evil consequence;
So long victorious in his wars,
The stern resistance here,
Roused every passion in his breast
To efforts more severe,
And by the shades of night he vowed,
Though every force deny
The way, beyond the mooted stream
To sound his battle cry.

But last when from the vain attack
His warriors sought the shore,
Pequan the brave, who led the charge,
Was with his men no more;
First kinsman he, and next of rank,
He pushed beyond the line

And failing, found a captive's lot.
Thus balked in his design,
Mouaqua sought a season's rest,
And camping in the vale,
Was counseled to abide the time
For vantage to assail.

So passed the dull moon to decline,
And Monesthon the Great
Prayed as of old Ouatoga prayed
To conquer evil fate;
Nor he who slew the awful bird,
That knew but mortal prey,
Was braver than the sturdy Chief
Who held his place to-day.
Long had he ruled his happy tribe
In plentitude and peace,
And saw with every passing sun
His prestige still increase;

But came the Red Men from the plains
And waters far away,
With nothing in their hearts but war,
And passions but to slay;
So were they driven from the hills,
Their heritage of pride,

By slow degrees, to this retreat,
And here they must abide
Or either victory or death,
Since never might the stain
Come to an Illini of flight
Beyond his own domain.

So, nerved by every circumstance
That moves to daring deeds,—
By ties of home and fatherhood,—
By every pulse that heeds
The cries of manhood for revenge,
Of weakness for defense,
When tyranny invades the realm,
And by the Indian's sense
Of honor, every brave who sat
About the council flame,
Pledged every sense and spark of life
To guard the nation's fame.

The Faith of Ineasa

GLAD were the notes of cheer, when came
The captive to the tent
Of Monesthon, to learn his doom
As pleased the chieftain's bent.
Proudly he walked, with head erect,
In deep contempt of thought;
As one who staked his life, and feared
Not death, nor pity sought,—
Too much a master in the law
Of warfare not to know
That naught in its unwritten tomes
Held mercy for a foe.

But nothing would the Warrior Chief
Of vengeance have to say;
He sat in sorrow where his wife,
The fair Wunnista, lay
Afflicted with a grave complaint;
And in his aching breast

Were caged the demons of despair,
Which all the love confessed,
That made his life a shining mark
Of savage royalty,
And won, long since, his captive bride
To fondest loyalty.

"Take thou the prisoner, my child,"
He said, when they were come
Unto his wigwam, "as thou wilt,
Do with him, and the sum
Of retribution he shall pay
Can never half atone
For all the evil he has done;
Pray leave us now alone."
So came to Ineosa's choice
The captive warrior's fate;
But when she saw and sought to judge,
It was, alas, too late.

A higher force than mortal will
Subdued the maiden's heart,
When, gazing in that fearless face,
She saw her counterpart;
Love, like a giant, wound his chains
About the twain, and there

They stood betrothed, ere yet a word
Was uttered to declare
The subtle bond. "Leave him to me,"
The damsel said, and turned
To hide the flush of new-born hope
That on her temples burned.

Then spoke the stranger: "Fairest maid,
I know not why I speak,
Save by the challenge of command
In those clear eyes; I seek
No point of favor for myself,—
A captive in the course
Of honest warfare, I had thought
To know the speedy force
Of vengeance at thy people's hands;
Yet something says to me
That thou art mighty, and my fate
Is somehow linked with thee."

Then said the maid: "'Tis passing strange
That I should tarry here:
My hand should light thy funeral pyre,
But e'en I know thy bier
Shall herald Ineosa's death:
Aye! what is that we see?

My father's people dare to chide?''
"Nay, fair one, fly with me,''
Low cried the youth; the warrior guard
Consulting, stood aside,
Impatient that a woman's will
Their prowess should abide.

Again he urged: "Come thou with me,
Princess of Illini
In rank thou art, and I no less
A prince of Iroquoi;
Through union so, these wars may cease,
And plenty as of yore
Shall bless the people of the woods
On every verdant shore:
Mine uncle wields a tyrant's rod
But thou, when we are wed,
Shalt rob him of his lust for war,
In thy great father's stead.''

"Nay, come,'' she said, "else naught can save;''
And while her father prayed,
She led him past her mother's couch
Into a secret glade,—
Wherefore she knew not,—e'en as now
Who knows what love may do?

And shortly on the peaceful stream
    She plied her fleet canoe,
While swam the warrior underneath;
    And they who watched the shore
Saw but a woman on the stream,
    And minded nothing more.

The Vision of Wunnista

"NAY, Sire, it was no idle dream;*
I saw the she-wolf come
Before the lodge with gleaming eyes,
And tongue of terror dumb;
Thrice has the owl's portentous cry
Rung wildly through the wood,
And every call was echoed by
The panther's wail of blood;
When late the council fires were lit
No smoke ascended there,
But floated like a dismal pall
Low on the evening air.

"But yestermorn I saw the height
Where waits thy aged sire,
And carrion birds were hovered there
As o'er a funeral pyre.
When thy Wunnista came to thee
From off the sun-land plain,

*Note V.—Appendix.

She brought her people's arts, and these
Have never worked in vain;
Sad are the things I have to say,
But whatsoe'er befall,
'Tis spoken from the woman's heart
Who gave thee all in all.

"I see Mouaqua's myriads massed
To conquer and betray;
I see them looting in our midst
Ere wanes another day;
I see the form of Fighting Bear,
Dead of a broken heart
At witness of his sons defeat;
I see the bitter part
A fearless sage must feel to sate
A despot's mad decree;
I see his kinsman die for love,
And then—and then—I see--

"Ah, Sire, thou needst not fear for me;
The hand of death, indeed,
Is on me now, yet this is what
The spirits have decreed,
And ere the end it shall be mine,
Of this be thou assured,

To satisfy thy people's wrongs,
And vengeance so secured,
Wunnista will have done her work
And found the pleasant shade
Where wars are not, nor grief may come
Nor pestilence invade.

"Here on the morrow shall be waged
The greatest fight of all,
And he who gains the victory
Shall gain it but to fall
Ignobly by a woman's hand;
While all he may have won
Shall vanish into nothingness.
My rede is nearly done;
Thy last shall be thy greatest fight,
With him thou fain would'st meet,
Nor one of all the gallant host
Shall perish in retreat.

"Find now thy weapons for the day
And bid the warriors cheer;
While here the women's fervent prayers
The Manitou shall hear.
Nay, seek not Ineosa's couch,
For, lack, she is not there;

Her milk-white spirit knows a realm
Where all is fresh and fair;
Her blood is on Mouaqua's head,—
Let this inspire thy hand;
Wunnista loves thee. Hark! they come!
Go now to thy command."

The Meeting of the Hosts*

COLD gleamed the light of early morn
Upon the fallow field,
When stern Monesthon for the fight
Took up his mighty shield,
To find already in the camp
The notes of wild alarm
That told the enemy's advance;
The river, all aswarm
With bristling ranks of war canoes,
Was lashed beneath the strain
Of winds that shrieked across the waves
And made resistance vain.

Now sprang Monesthon to the fray,
His sorrows laid aside;
Again the fearless leader, robed
In all his warrior pride:
Above the tempest wild, his voice
Was heard in stern command,

*Note VI.—Appendix.

And soon upon the plain his host
Assumed their sullen stand,—
Their wives and children on the hills
That stretched away behind
Safe hid,—awaiting the attack,
To any fate resigned.

Soon landed, came the Iroquoi,
A line of leathern shields
Advancing in a solid front.
Cried Monesthon: "Who yields
This day to conquest or defeat
Goes like a dog to earth,
And forfeits wife, and home, and shames
The prestige of his birth.
Already Ineosa's life
Is on yon demon's head,
And he shall wear these regal robes
Who lays his carcass dead."

No more he spake, no time for speech;
Mouaqua's ashen bow
Sent forth an eagle-feathered shaft
That laid a warrior low;
Then sent Monesthon's doeskin thong
A message as severe,

And now the doleful battle hymn
Re-echoed, wild and clear,
As leaped from every bow and shaft
That told the sender's will,—
The warrior-passion, murder-mad,
To conquer or to kill.

Now shrieked the dying as they fell
The names they cherished most;
None asked for quarter, each content
To perish at his post;
And as the mighty conflict grew,
And foe to foe drew near,
The fleeting dart was laid aside
For tomahawk and spear;
The warriors of the noblest tribes
That ruled in all the land,
Here mingled in the awful throes
Of conflict, hand to hand.

So raged the battle, till the sun
Was centered in the sky
'Twixt morn and night; yet spite of odds,
The sturdy Illini
Held their position on the field
With their intrepid Chief,

And victory promised her reward,
When fortune brought relief
Of warriors to the Iroquoi;
And so the fight was won,
Though still the brave defenders met
Their foemen, five to one.

Anon the lengthening shadows fell
Athwart the bloody plain,
When face to face the Chieftains met,
Who now, in calm disdain,
Surveyed each other briefly; then,
With gory war-club, each
Assailed the other, and they clashed
With not a word of speech.
Long had they sought to combat so,
But never till this hour
Were they confronted, man to man,
To match their sovereign power.

Thrice did they meet, and thrice did each
Grave punishment sustain;
Again they struck, and each in turn
Was stretched upon the plain.
Monesthon first regained his feet,
And stooping to impart

The last decisive blow, received
An arrow in his heart.
Then rushed his warriors to his side
To rescue, or to die,
And none went living from the field.
So fell the Illini.

The Coming of the Plague*

WILD were the revels of the night
When first the Iroquoi
Ran riot in the captured camp,
To plunder and destroy;
The fruitage of an hundred moons
Of unrelenting war
Was theirs to portion out in spoil,—
To seize and barter for;
And naught so sacred anywhere
They might not confiscate;
So sacked they these deserted homes,
'Mid revel and debate.

One only place did they respect,
The Wigwam of the Chief
Late fallen, where Mouaqua lay
And sought his wounds relief.
By right of rank he claimed the whole
Of Monesthon's estate;

*Note VII.—Appendix.

And were his followers well content
If this alone might sate
His avarice, and they left him there
E'en for the time forgot,
While he, well sated with the day
Of conquest, chided not.

But lo! he wakens with a start,
A weight upon his breast
That racks him with a thousand pangs
Of misery unguessed
In all his days of mortal strife,
And then anon he sees,
Near by, in the uncertain light,
A woman on her knees,
Bent o'er the couch, with hand upraised
As to some solemn vow,
And move her lips, the while her breath
Falls hot upon his brow.

"I thank thee, Manitou," she said,
"My race is nearly run."
And then to him: "'Tis well, indeed,
Thy evil deeds are done.
Nay, spare thyself, thou canst not rise;
Art not the first to feel

The pangs of this malignant thing
Which, through thy death, shall steal
Its course through thy unhappy race;
Mine was the lot accursed,
But since thou art the conquering Chief,
Thou must assume it first.

"'Tis vain to call them, they are deaf
With murder, and design
Of robbery and rapine, aye,
Those gallant braves of thine.
Forsooth! they have not long to live;
When they shall come to thee
For thy commands, thou shalt convey
The Manitou's decree:
That for the sins which they have wrought
The race is doomed to die,
E'en so, by force invisible.
Heed well the message high.

"O, brave Monesthon, thou hast seen
The wonders of the land,
Where everything is clear that erst
Thou couldst not understand;
Thy death was worthy of the race
That slew the Piasa,

And evermore through life thy guide
Was Nature's highest law.
The end is near upon me now;
Take thou the shining tome
That points the way of parted souls,
And lead Wunnista home."

Long were the spoilers in dispute
O'er all the household boons
Belonging to the tribe that ruled,
For many thousand moons,
The regions where two rivers run;
And when at last they came
To learn the order of command
And each record his claim,
They found the foe invisible,
E'en as Wunnista said:
Here on the floor a woman's form,
And there the Chieftain,—dead.

The Burial of the Dead *

GRIM was the spectacle revealed,
Of two proud armies slain,
When shone the smiling sun of morn
Upon the dreary plain:
Their glory of contention gone
To cold, immobile clay,
The forms upon the sodden ground
Shewed ghastly as they lay;
And many a headless trunk was there,
And many a painted face
Looked from its gory gibbet down
Upon the grewsome place.

None were there for the Illini
To pay the last respect
Of decent burial, and they lay
In uttermost neglect.
But they of the victorious tribe
Were set about to save

*Note VIII.—Appendix.

Their dead from beasts and birds of prey;
They digged a spacious grave
High on the topmost Eastern hill,—
The spear became a spade,—
And there above the silent vale
A burial crypt was made.

First honored they their stricken Chief,
Mouaqua, who had wrought
The greatest conquests of the race
In tribal wars, and brought
His kingdom from the Erie's banks
To Mississippi's flood,
And left on every battlefield
His fallen foemen's blood.
His haughty bearing all forgot,
His tyranny condoned,
They saw in him their leader gone,
And all his loss bemoaned.

They made for him a mossy bed,
And laid him in repose,
About him all the trophies won
From his defeated foes.
The regal robe about his form,
The war-axe in his hand,

Strung beads of pearl about his neck,
And last the royal wand
Upon his breast; then all about
The first of them who fell
With him in battle; so they paused
To say their last farewell.

Then bore they up the long incline
Of all their warrior dead
The mortal clay, and over each
Some words of parting said.
Great was the task of patient toil,
And when the grave was filled
They labored on the burial place
A mighty mound to build.
So long they wrought till over all
The mounds that rose anear
That, standing in comparison,
Was easily the peer.

This was their last and greatest work;
The triumph of their day
Was centered in that sepulchre,
And when they turned away
They faced a frowning wilderness
In leaderless dismay,

And stricken by the plague, relapsed
To premature decay.
All valor, all ambition gone,
The struggling tribe recrossed
The prairies to their native woods
And there, anon, was lost.

The Mound of Monaqua *

SO ends the story, sad and weird,
And countless years have rolled
Their potent changes o'er the land
Since first the tale was told;
We of the race they never knew
Stand here on sacred ground,
While thoughts we falter to confess,
Are born of facts profound:
Irreverently we turn the sod
That holds the Indian's bones,
And gain by delving in the dust
The knowledge that atones,

In our opinion for the deed;
The secrets of the past
Are gathered from deductions through
The rude Iconoclast;
And finding thus, as we conceive
The prestige, fame and place

*Note IX.—Appendix.

Of these, the first Americans,
We hold it no disgrace
To count them peers in many things;
And teachings here conveyed
Of love of home and liberty
May never be gainsaid.

E'en yet we shudder to reflect
What sacrificial pain
They gave in honor of the dead;
And not the least we gain
In point of anthropology
Is this, to know that man
Uncultured, in the savage state,
Here all the world outran
In valour, strength and fellowship,
And in the native dower
To e'en perceive and comprehend
An all-pervading Power.

Now teem the rivers with the tide
Of commerce, far and near,
Grain-laden are the waving fields
Where erst they hurled the spear;
The fleet canoe is used no more,
And where in forest shade

The sturdy skin-decked wigwam stood,
A prouder race has made
Its dwelling place. In all the land
The Indian is no more,
With none to do him justice, save
In such uncertain lore.

But mark we this in his behalf:
He perished in the course
Of honest war of self-defense,
And by the subtle force
Of nature in the tide of life.
So let us turn away,
And reconcile these lessons with
The duties of to-day.
'Tis well, on our contending course,
To know that, even here,
Was love as strong and man as brave
And warfare as severe.

"High on the range of eastern hills
That bound the Illinois."

—p. 21.

Tales of the Wigwam

The Wooing of Watalee

A Legend of the White Swan*

FAIR is the day and all the scene,
New-decked in robes of tender green,
Is thymy with the breath of spring;
The migratory game birds wing
Their way to lands of summer snows;
While everything in Nature owes
A debt of action, which to pay
Speeds each upon its various way.

On fair Glen Mary's circling hills,
From cliff-crowned height to sparkling rills
That ripple down the vale, and merge
The Mississippi's restless surge,
The warm sun shines caressingly;
And conscience, waking, whispers me
That—"Idle dreams will hardly grace
The tide of such a time and place."

*Note X.—Appendix.

"Nay," saith the muse in quick reply,
"We have a duty just as high
As any who may tarry here;
For man may know not any sphere
Of work than his more pure and strong
Who points a moral with a song.
The eerie, uncouth tales that bide
The gossip of the countryside,
Of golden wealth these caverns keep
And ghosts that walk when mortals sleep,
And visions fair that long ago
Were mirrored in the river's flow
Are founded on a theme as rare,
As rich with romance, sad and fair,
As any that the legends name
Of these old haunts of Indian fame."

Recalling countless moons of time,
In all its wild, barbaric prime,
Mark we the scene, an Indian town
Of wigwams, spreading from the crown
Of woodland to the shining reach
That marks the river's pebbled beach.
No transient, make-shift camp is here,
For every wigwam doth appear

A very parcel of the place
Whereon it stands, and every face
Is set with apathy that bears
The common stamp of daily cares.

'Tis noonday, and a warrior basks
Limp in the sun, prescribing tasks
For patient squaws who ne'er resent
The lordly sway, and, well content,
Fashion rude garb with simple grace
Out of the trophies of the chase.
A group of archers up the glade
Is bent upon a clamorous trade,
And most of life the scene affords
Is furnished in their bandying words;
Save yonder, where the builder hews
The shapeless trunks to fleet canoes;
Or at the arrow-maker's tent
Where, by the weight of seasons bent,
A grizzled man, no longer fit
To lead the chase, is doomed to sit
And fashion out by process slow,
The flint that caps the hunter's bow.

But mark you, yonder, skin-bedecked,
There stands a wigwam all respect,

For therein dwells Ouasaga, seer,
Of all the tribes abiding here;
Him to consult, from far and near,
Do those in trouble seek;
And never, so the records say,
Sent he a questioner away,
Though some, indeed, brought scanty pay
For what they bade him speak.
To him are all disputes referred
And final his deciding word.

The fairest flower of all the dower
Of tribal womanhood to be
Was she who shared Ouasaga's bower,
Was charming, winsome Watalee.
His ward she was, an infant frail
He found her once beside the trail,
Then brought her home with manner mild,
And reared her fondly as his child.

So taught and cared for, soul and mind,
'Twas nothing strange that she should find
Herself at verge of womanhood
An object fondly sought and wooed
By amorous gallants of the tribe;
But she was loth to circumscribe

Her cherished liberty so soon;
Therefore she frowned on many a boon
That other maidens would have prized;
Yet two whom she of all despised
Upon their suit were so concerned
That she at last, as refuge, turned
For shield to her protector's arm,
And prayed him shelter her from harm.
"Nay," spoke the savant, soothingly,
"An Indian maiden needs must be
A wife and worker when the time
Has ripened her to woman's prime.
But she shall have the right to choose,
And all but one thou mayst refuse.
Therefore this day I will command
All youths who fain would win thy hand
To lay some offering at thy feet;
Then do thou choose, and be discreet."

Anon came suitors by the score
With gifts to wise Ouasaga's door,
But none could any more than see
A glimpse of winsome Watalee,
Till came a youth of quiet mien
Whom in the gathering none had seen,

And left his modest gift, and turned
To go, when on his brow there burned
The Indian beauty's modest kiss;
Almost he took the act amiss,
But she, to pledge his new-found bliss,
Said, "Show that you can shoot with this"—
A brace of quivers—and he went
While all were lost in wonderment.

Then spake Ouasaga: "It is well;
Let every hunter to the dell
For quarry for the wedding feast;
Woe be to him who bringeth least,
And he who doeth best shall own
Anon my fairest wisdom stone."
The chase was willing and intent,
And many a fruitless shaft was spent,
While many another shot went true
At fleeting game that ran or flew;
And when there came the muster call,
More than enough there was for all.
But when the festal fires burned,
Three hunters yet had not returned,—
The twain by Watalee most spurned,
And he, the youth of modest bloom,

The happy one, the chosen groom!
Ah! even then from out the gloom
Emerged Makala, and upon
His shoulder bore a spotted fawn.
With conscious pride he threw the prize
To earth before all envious eyes,
And, urged, was nothing loth to tell
His tale of how the kill befell.

He finished, and Watalee stood
Before him like avenging fate;
Her bosom streaming fresh with blood,
And in her eyes a burning hate.
"He lies, by all the evil powers
That wrench the woods in darkest hours;
Mark here the proof." She drew the dart
Embedded from the creature's heart,
That she but late with gentle voice
Gave to the suitor of her choice.
"The other rankles in the breast
Of him who sought with sinister quest;
Here stands a murderer and thief,
And Watalee is wed to grief.
They came upon him unaware,
And slew him for his quarry there;
But not until his bended bow
Sent one to meet the ravens;—so!"

She would have stretched him in the dust,
But old Ouasaga saw the thrust
And parried it with practiced skill:
"Nay, child, a woman must not kill,"
He said, and led her by the arm,
To shelter, safe from chance of harm.

Befell another evil chance
As by malignant circumstance,
That night, which called Ouasaga thence,
And left the girl without defence.
A courier up the river came
And said, in great Ouatoga's name,
The sage must come without delay
Unto the Chieftain, miles away,
Where he should give his counsel for
The prospect of a tribal war.

"My daughter," said he, "would that I
Might tarry with you, and defy
The troubles that do harass thee,
But here art safe, and even he
Who murdered thy betrothed would dare
Not harm thee by a single hair.
Be brave; you need not e'en betray
My absence for a single day."

He sought to steal away, but—no,
Lynx-eyed Makala saw him go,
And instantly his crafty mind
A sinister campaign designed.

Upon the morrow, ere the sun
Shone fairly o'er the Eastern hills,
He sought Ouasaga's tent as one
Whose soul with purest rapture thrills.
"Awake!" he cried, "fair Watalee,
And mark what I have brought for thee."
Then from his girdle he unrolled
A beaded string of sparkling gold.
"Prithee accept my tribute rare
And these bright beads about thy hair
Shall make thee envied ceaselessly,
If thou wilt cast thy lot with me."

"Where got you this?" she sternly said;
"Hast robbed some temple of the dead?"

"Nay, cruel maid, thy chiding save;
A greater than Ouasaga gave
To me his secret, and revealed
Where he this treasure had concealed.
He came here many seasons past,
A wanderer from out the vast

Wide sunset regions, where he found
These shining beads upon the ground
By rushing rivers; thence he bore
Them with him to this distant shore.
And, dying, left them all to me,
That I might win fair Watalee."
"Who woos with murder in his eyes,
Woos not for love," the maid replied,
"And I will nothing have of thee."
"So be it, vixen, none shall see
This wealth of rarest beads again,
And you shall rue the hour when
You cut Makala with your scorn;
His vengeance is a gnawing thorn,
And old Ouasaga is not here
To guard thee with his magic seer."

E'en so it proved, and deftly done,
The ruling gossips soon were won
To spread the feast another night,
So he could conquer if he might;
But when the fateful moment came
And he returned to press his claim,
The look of loathing on her face
Spoke all the hatred of her race;

And when he with assurance said,
"I have you now," she turned and fled.

He followed quick with maddened pace,
And to the river led the race,
Where by the builder's boat she knew
The moorings of a light canoe,
Quickly embarked, her paddle flashed
And out upon the waters dashed.
Thus upward and athwart the stream
She flew, the surface all agleam
About her, and some lengths behind
Came her tormentor like the wind!
A race for life and liberty,
And those who watched, aghast, to see
Its awful import, prayed the girl
Might somehow yet escape her peril.
But one who held a broader view
Beheld him foul her frail canoe,
And saw her leap for life, then tossed
A moment on the waves, then lost;
And they beside the river's crest
Heard: "Watalee has gone to rest."

And what of him, the doubly curst,
Of Indian outcasts now the worst?

He dared not to the tribe return,
Foredoomed upon the stake to burn.
The watchers saw him reach the shore,
And no one e'er beheld him more.
Bnt when that night the dismal cry
Of lion gorged with human blood
Was heard upon the hills on high
Throughout that vast and lonely wood,
Each warrior to his neighbor said,
With meaning glance, "Makala's dead";
And, thinking of his doings fell,
Methinks they added: "It is well."

It was a welcome sad that met
Ouasaga on his home return;
And none there was who cared to set
Watalee's friendly fires to burn.
Slowly they told, with halting breath,
The story of the maiden's death,
While many came to share his grief
And give their sympathy's relief.
And when her funeral pyre at night
Was kindled, many came to light
Their mourning tokens in the flame;
And with the rest a shadow came,—

The like of him who took her life,
In seeming agony of strife;
A moment stood as if in pain,
Then raised its hands in gesture vain,
Turned and strode off upon the stream,
Retracing, in its troubled dream,
The passage of that ill-starred race,
E'en to the fatal meeting place,
When, with a wail from echo drawn,
It pointed upward and was gone.
Again and thrice again it came,
And once it spoke Watalee's name,
But none who listened ever heard
One sound beyond a single word.

One charming day, while still they wept,
Ouasaga, who of late had kept
Long, lonely watches on the height,
Sent up a shout of great delight,
And pointed wildly up the stream,
Where, shining in the golden gleam
Of sunlight, gliding into view,
They saw a score of great canoes
With spreading wings of snowy white;
Not all partook the sere's delight,

As some were seized with qualms of fear,
While others went for bow and spear,
But he was mightier than all
And held them with a master-thrall,
Commanding: "Peace! receive with me
The messenger from Watalee."*

Thus chanced it that the brave Marquette,
And followers, that auspicious day,
First white men of the world to ride
The rolling Mississippi's tide,
Found such warm welcome and good cheer
And faith among the Indians here.
While humoring their own belief,
He taught them of the Great White Chief,
Who, biding high up over all,
Is mindful of each creature's fall,
With mercy deep and vengeance strong,
To bless the right and punish wrong.
Yes, Watalee had surely found,
Ere now, the Happy Hunting Ground,
And she would send a certain sign
Which, through the Manitou divine,
Should be to them a pledge of peace
Whereby their grief for her might cease.

*Note XI.—Appendix.

Long did the paleface chieftain stay,
And when he took his onward way
Full many a token of good will,
Of trinkets wrought by native skill,
The voyagers received, and gave
In kind, beside the peaceful wave;
But ere they hoist the speeding sail,
They left their blessing o'er the vale.

Scarce had the squadron passed from view,
When some one in the concourse drew
Attention to a fair, white bird,
And all stood silent; not a word
Of comment fell from any lips;
Here was a picture to eclipse
All wonders, and with raptured eye
They viewed the vision passing by.
A swan it was, so white and fair
That none of all who lingered there
Had ever seen its like before;
And when it touched the distant shore
And disappeared, Ouasaga smiled,
And wept, as any little child,
A convert to the faith as pure
As any tutor might secure.

Not for a moment questioned he
But 'twas the sign from Watalee
Which the white father had foretold,
And it was all his heart could hold.

Again and yet again it came,
And Watalee they called its name.
But lastly, just as day was done,
It sailed as from the setting sun,
A vision in the evenshine,
And sang a matin so divine,
So pure and rare with music sweet,
Who heard it, stood with pinioned feet
And marveled that their common ears
Could catch such raptures of the spheres.
Ouasaga, trembling, raised his eyes
In reverence to the crystal skies;
And then it seemed the wondrous throat
Was stranded on the final note.
It ceased, though yet a moment long,
They caught the echoes of the song,
And then the bird of snowy plume
Was merged within the gathering gloom,
And never to the eyes of men
Was that fair scene revealed again.

The Demon of the Lake*

A Legend of the Far West

"'TIS true, white brother, what they speak," the friendly warrior said,
"The serpent woman of the lake has given up her dead.
They found him in the stunted reeds that fringe the shallow shore,—
A thing that moons of ages past has never seen before,
And not an Indian in the land had held the story true,
Had he not seen it, as did I, who tells the tale to you."

On fair Wyoming's upland plains, where cloud-capped summits rise
From verdant vale in whose embrace the Lake of Hatton lies,

*Note XII.—Appendix.

This weird, strange legend is revered in superstitious awe
By all the native Indian tribes, by whose unwritten law
It was decreed that none should speak, on pain of instant death,
The name of her, the evil one, who held her court beneath

The crystal surface of the lake, as sovereign of the dead,—
A demon fair in woman's form, but crowned with serpent's head.
Midway between the shores, deep down where plummet never fell,
Within a jewel-lighted cave, she was content to dwell,
Nor ever sought the surface save to bask in summer sun,
Or when her minions brought her word of mischief to be done.

In ages past a maiden fair, the tribal sages tell,
Loved as a woman sometimes does, not wisely but too well,

And when her days of gladness came to sorrow and despair,
She disappeared one gloomy night, and then the fatal snare
First lured the hunter to his doom, who in his frail canoe
Was tempted midway o'er the lake, and thence was dragged from view.

So oft this tragedy recurred that sorrow spread, and woe
Came into many a home tepee, and no one dared to go
Upon the waters. Yet there came oft strangers who, unwarned,
Were lured to an ignoble fate; and yet a few who scorned
The prowess of the evil thing, went out to meet their doom,
Till none might count the host that slept within that watery tomb.

She held in bond of fealty the snakes and lizards, and
They spied on all was said of her, with gift to understand;

The genii, sprites and fairy forms the nether world
that hold,
And fish and fowl were subject to the magic she
controlled,
All being agents to avenge, with penalty of
death,
The utterance of her proper name, with e'en the
faintest breath.

Who rashly spoke that fateful word on life had
fickle hold:
By piercing fangs or poison stings his fate was
shortly told,
And sorrow must pursue the tribe until, or soon
or late,
They cast the body in the lake her ire to
satiate.
So certain was the punishment that e'en the
deepest shame
Of cowardice could not provoke the whisper of
that name.

The learned sachems often met in council, to
divine
Some satisfying sacrifice to turn her fell design,

Until they learned that she but sought her lost
love to proclaim,—
To find a man of honest soul and pure, and
spotless name;
Yet this she could not hope to do, and while
her quest should fail,
All sacrifices they might bring would be of no
avail.

Thus held the monster of the deep her gloomy
dynasty,
And never could the nations hope to cut her
fetters free;
But often when the tide of war brought cap-
tives to their hands,
They gave them to the evil one, in thrall of
leathern bands,
And many an uninvited guest went down be-
neath the wave,
To meet the woman fiend within her subter-
ranean cave.

When at her will she might command the wild-
fowl of the air,
They proved the surest instruments of her so
fatal snare;

Since lovers of the chase she sought, by old
remembrance drawn,
As like to meet her cherished wish. But now
her might was gone,
A traveller had crossed the lake and landed all
secure,
And this recovered body made her downfall
doubly sure.

"The long lost lover has been found," again
the warrior said,
"Or never had the haunted waves thus given
up the dead.
Now need the hunter in his quest avoid the
deep no more,
And fearless he may fix his camp upon the
grassy shore;
The serpent-woman is appeased, since all her
sorcery
Is centered in her new-found love, and Hatton
Lake is free."

The Arraignment of Lo*

"WHAT answer, prisoner at the bar,
Have you to make? The charges are
As plaintiff states, that yestermorn
You stole from him a sack of corn,
And when arrested in the field
You stubbornly refused to yield
The booty, and by force of arm
Did do the owner facial harm.
The deed, if so, is one the book
Of justice may not overlook,
Yet, in the law, you have this chance
To make your plea of self-defense;
Be therefore plain, and briefly tell,
In your own language, what befell."

So spoke the Justice; in the court
The throng of idlers, by report
Of probable diversion drawn,
Surveyed with curious gaze the wan,

*NOTE XIII.—Appendix.

Stern features of the luckless man
Thus brought beneath the legal ban.
But, meeting once those fearless eyes,
Indifference turned to deep surprise:
Here was no vagrant, common thief;
Upon that brow both time and grief
Had left their mark; the ruthless storm
Of years had marred the stalwart form,
Yet time, nor grief, nor garb he wore
Could long conceal the stamp he bore
In every line of form and face,
Of that most persecuted race,
Despoiled long since of these fair lands
Where gleam the midland valley sands.

At first he answered not a word,
As if, indeed, he had not heard;
Then, glancing slowly 'round the room,
His features, like a cloud of doom
Sweeping before the prairie fire,
Foretold his burst of savage ire!
"And I should answer here," he said,
"To justice! No; my skin is red,—
Red with the blood of those who came
First to these lands, and red with shame

For what these eyes have made me see
Since late the Spirit prompted me
To journey from the hills afar
Where now my driven people are,
To mark that point the stories tell
Where my brave sire, fighting, fell.

"Am I a thief? I took the maize
This varmint was allowed to raise
On land that held my father's bones.
I even marked the pebble stones
Placed on the grave to guard the dead
From beasts of prey, torn from their bed
By these man-wolves, who digged beneath
To find the beads and wampum wreath
That, when the worthy warrior died,
His fellows buried by his side.
I found these relics all about
Where he had delved and thrown them out,
And left them, when he did not find
Trinkets to satisfy his mind.

"What does the white man's law for knaves
Who rob the dead and open graves?
All this I saw, all this and more,
When this vile creature came before

My eyes, and struck, and called me thief.
My heart was sore and sad with grief;
I felled him as I would a beast,
And I am shamed to have released
My hold, until his corpse displaced
The bones whose grave he had disgraced.

"Long since I learned, a small papoose
In captive school, the white man's use
Of language, and his shameless arts,
Too vile for simple, savage hearts.
For him your justice does not fall
Who robs the Indian of his all;
But when a wanderer claims his bread
From sacred soil, or shields his dead,
The venom of your vilest wrath
Must strike him in his weary path.

"I talk not of defiance; nay,
The stronger arm must have its sway;
The Indian's fighting days are past!
His doom was sealed, his fate forecast,
When, first deceived, he did not smite
The hand that tricked him. May the might
Of every blow that cowards fear
Be on his head who brought me here."

He finished, and with heaving chest
And folded arms across his breast,
Stood gazing through and over all,
Disdainful of his present thrall,
A picture of divine despair;
E'en as the panther in its lair,
Sore wounded and without defense,
Defying every consequence,
And hurling in the face of death
A challenge with its parting breath.

Awed was the court; no sound was heard;
The counsel offered not a word
Of questioning; the Justice grave
Seemed striving to suppress the wave
Of sentiment that cast its thrall,
So strangely potent, over all;
But when, at length, the spell had ceased,
He said, "The prisoner is released."
And from that motley concourse, then,
There rose a fervent, glad "Amen."

At Starved Rock*

WE stand upon the beetling cliff,
Above the silent stream,
Where now the fisher in his skiff
Rows through the sunset gleam;
And fair below, to north and west,
The valley stretches far,
Grass-covered, to the distant crest,
Where thrifty hamlets are.

Soft comes the chime of vesper-bell,
While gentle breezes blow
And in the swaying cedars tell
This tale of long ago.
So eerie is the time and place
That mirth is all suppresst,
While standing o'er the narrow space
Where nameless warriors rest.

*Note XIV.—Appendix.

'Tis but to pause,—to sigh and say
One sentence of regret
For those brave hearts, whose ruling day,
Like yonder sun, has set;
Yet, as we break the mystic spell
And turn to the descent,
The echo of their last farewell,
In all its grave portent,

Comes faintly to the listening ear,
As if to vindicate
The cause of them who slumber here,
In martyrdom of fate.
They did but struggle for their own,
And fell as much admired
As e'er who gained the victor's throne,
In regal robes attired.

And down the royal steeps of time
Their inspiration comes,
Winged with the force of truth sublime
From nature's living tomes,
That, though the foe may scale the height,
And in his might prevail,
They, standing firm for life and right,
Are victors, though they fail.

These warriors live in storied page
Of legendary fame,
The heroes of their day and age!
Their conquerors who came
So proudly, perished in the vast
Of trackless wood and plain,
With none to honor, or at last
To sing their sad refrain.

The Title to America

BEFORE the Grand Assize was brought
The question of the nation's right
To hold the native acres, wrought
From Indian hands, by force of might.

"And now, your Honor," counsel said,
"The case is open to debate
Wherein the lands that we have read,
Embracing every sovereign State,
Are sought in deed of title clear
And fee, to Uncle Sam's estate;
And the defendants, failing here,
Forfeit the right to litigate.
We call their counsel to respond,
And let them show, if now, indeed,
They hold a point of law beyond,
That any civil court should heed."

"Nay, I, by legal courtesy,"
The younger barrister replied,
"Appointed to defend the plea,
Have naught to offer, nor to hide.
My client and his heirs are dead;
This great, wide nation is their grave;
In every State their blood is shed;
Yet, the usurper's fame to save,
I will, as prima facie proofs
Of death of former lords appear,
Write my indorsement in the woofs
As their quit-claim to title clear."

So hath the Red Man got his dues,
For these broad acres we enjoy;
And wampum he was wont to use
Serves as a passing children's toy.

The Heart of Old Hickory*

WHAT ho! old friend! art dying, too?
When last my feet were stayed
Beside this mound of sacred trust
I marked an ample shade,
While now that rugged trunk is bare,
And, pointing to the sky,
Those branches, erst so green and fair,
Are leafless and awry.

How well I mind those random days
Of effervescent joys,
When we were wont to tarry here,
As happy girls and boys,—
To marvel at thy sturdy growth
In childhood's careless way,
And called thee Monarch of the Woods,
With nothing to gainsay.

*Note XV.—Appendix.

And when the secret was revealed
By one who, delving, found,
In half-amalgamated dust,
The meaning of the mound
And thy surmounting majesty,—
How proud we were to know
So much of that unwritten lore
Here marked, so long ago.

Ah, yes! I see it plainly now;
Thy mourning for the brave,—
The stern companionship of them
Whose bones in yonder grave
Long since uncovered to disgrace,
Were claimed by ruthless hands,—
Hath touched thee to the quick of life;
And this old trunk that stands

Yet firm in process of decay,
Prolongs their last appeal
For right of eminent domain,
That time cannot anneal.
As fell the Red Man, guarding still
The customs of his race,
His forest prototype hath gone
To its appointed place.

The heart of hickory theirs, that knew
No bending but to break,
And, parting, left a void of force
That Nature ne'er can make
Congenial, and the hickory heart
That guarded their retreat
E'en so defies the conquering host
And crumbles at their feet.

Some force of stern, primeval law
Is here, more broad and deep
Than all inductive might of mind
May compass in its sweep;
The strength was given to destroy,
But not to make amends,
Or comprehend the horoscope
Of what this theme portends.

This only may we understand,—
That majesty had fled
In that grotesque affinity,
Revealed through faces dead;
And nothing in the scope of care,
Nor any touch of art,
Can save the hickory from its doom
To share the Indian's part.

How far that moral shall prevail,—
If there will come a time
When we must feel the hand of fate
As crushingly sublime,
Exacting even recompense,—
Alas! we may not tell,
And dare but hope at last to hear
The watchword: "It is well."

Fetter Free

"NAY, we may not tarry longer in my brother's
shining halls,
For the Indian soon grows weary of your suffo-
cating walls,
Piled in rows of baked adobe, making up the
mighty town;
We have seen the Great White Father, and
his power and renown
Must respect the poor petition that we came to
lay before
Him in council, interceding that he desecrate
no more
Of the scanty reservation for the Nation set
aside,
To the greed of his invaders, who our homes
would override.
Peace be with the pale-face brother; may he
never be bereft,
Nor deny our right of title to the little we
have left.

Bring the ponies now, brave warriors; let us
mount again and feel
Proud and peerless, as the pebbles crunch be-
neath the mustangs' heel;
To the broad, unmeasured prairies, where the
eagle's piercing note
Sounds his challenge of derision to the cow-
ardly coyote.
Free as air and wind and weather, let us live
it out, and scorn,
As our fathers did before us, all commands of
service born;
Shame the pale-face in his palace, and the
Manitou on high
Will preserve the Indian's freedom, though, de-
fending it, we die."

The Wail of an Indian Queen*

YES, paleface, me will take the coin you give,
Though nothing to my people ever came
Of good through yours; but Helahdee must live,
If only thus to show the Indian's shame
Of shameless degradation and decay,
Through evil Mahho of the white man's art;
That took my husband and brave youths away,
With poison keener than the venom dart.

How have we suffered, dare you ask of me?
O, that my lost Matotopa were here;
But yonder his Pokomokon, long free,
Hangs with Mahkee, dust covered. Have no fear,
An Indian mother may not strike the foe,
Not even to avenge her murdered sons;
And even Helahdee would bide her woe
That from her heart, a bloodless fountain, runs.

*Note XVI.—Appendix.

Long since Petemday and Maloheho
Have joined them on the Happy Hunting Grounds,
And Ampah and Warrahpa soon must go
With Shakoko and Koka to the bounds
Of that high world, Kopeskoday that sings;
Where grows Wukmiser from the unturned sod,
And where Marahka's kindly favor brings
More generous favors than the white man's God.

Here once was fair, when all the hills were green
And prairies stretched beyond Mahsishe's flight,
And in the vales the grazing herds were seen—
The Indian's meat and comfort, life and light;
When uncorrupted here he ruled supreme
And knew no danger in his native art;
His mind unclouded by the fatal dream
Of deadlier weapons than his honest dart.

But came Okeechedee, the white man's friend,
And brought the demon waters in his hand,
To steal the warrior's reason, and pretend
To trade; and robbed him of his native land.

The Father's simple child, he could not tell
That he who spoke so fairly was a thief;
And through his free-born charity, he fell;
What more to say? Spare now a Meha's grief.

We weep alone, unpitied and unwept,
By them who laid our warriors in the dust;
And widowed all the days since they have slept,
We pray the Father's compensation just."
So sits Helahdee, prating in her age
To every comer to her lone tepee;
Read we the tale, and blushing, turn the page,
For truths that burn are never soft to see.

Weseng and Wakehon

A Legend of Indian Summer

BEHOLD, Wakehon dreams again; Weseng
has touched his eye;
Can not my brother see him nod, behind the
hazy sky?

Matotopa is old, more old than all the white
man's ways;
Yet may he smoke his pipe of peace and tell
of older days.

Yes, many, many moons ago when first my
fathers came
It was, when they beheld him droop, the
mighty one by name,—

Saw clouds of smoke obscure his face, his eye,
no longer clear,
Look stupidly upon the earth, unfit to be
severe.

Glad had the days of harvest been, the forests broad and still,
Did teem with game of every kind to tempt the hunter's skill;

The fields all brown with husks of maize, and ran the rivers clear
With plenty, where the fisher went to wield his agile spear.

Well had Ta-ren-ya-wago wrought, with Wakehon, the sun,
And proudly he surveyed his work of all the seasons, done;

His temper had been fair and true, and so had prospered all,
With naught to hinder through his wrath when blighting storms befall;

He smiled upon the Medway feasts, where all the people came
To dance the month of Sturgeon out, and praise the Sun-God's fame.

But now he had been all too kind, so musing, he declared,
They must repay the Manitou, who in his grace had fared!

Aye, even as these warrior braves, his spirit would unbend;
By means becoming, he must think, how best to reach this end.

Then lighted he his calumet,—his mighty pipe of peace,—
And gathered through the soothing draught a plan of glad release.

"'Tis well," he cried, "I will away across the mellow plains
To find my brother Peboan, the Winter, where he reigns,

And we together shall unite to blight these verdant leaves,
To choke the rivers where they run, and crush these golden sheaves;

The snows shall fly and winds shall blow, and over all the land
No saucy birds shall sing their songs, where frozen wigwams stand.

The patient Seegwun, he of Spring, shall labor with his might,
And I shall laugh to see his pains to set my mischief right."

But soon, alas for Wakehon, unused to heavy thought,
He wearied and was overcome by Weseng, sly, who brought

His magic wand of sleep, and sealed his eyes in peaceful rest,
And left him; while the merry world smiled at the royal jest.

The winds laughed softly in the woods, and Nature paused, well pleased,
Conspiring to prolong the spell, her every want appeased,

While still the Sun-God smoked and dreamed,
and from his calumet
The wreaths of somber haze arose, till all the
hills were set

As in a mist of falling spray, and everything
defied
The wrath of lazy Wakehon, who wakened not
to chide.

* * * * *

So came, my brother, what you call the Indian
Summer days;
Matotopa has smoked his pipe, and now must
go; but prays

That when the calumet shall fail, and Wake-
hon awakes
His anger may be satisfied through memory that
takes

Some reflex from the fading day;—and Peboan
may bear
No icy retribution that Seegwun may not repair.

A Nobleman of Nature

A MAN by Nature taught to teach
Her truest, tenderest art,
And all his passions, all his hopes,
Were near to Nature's heart;

Unostentatious in his ways,
Yet with a soul as fine
As ever brought the ways of man
In touch with the divine;

Untutored in the lore of books,
But in those kindly eyes
Was more of knowledge, deep and true,
Than with the worldly-wise;

No thought was his of recompense,—
No fear of praise or blame,—
But every creature in distress
Seemed happy when he came.

Yet, most of all I honored him,
With selfish fealty,
For his own friendship and esteem,—
For what he was to me.

"Where showed a narrow cleft
Of ingress to the solid rock,
By Nature's forces reft."

—p. 33.

For Freedom's Flag

Progression*

A May Day Meditation

SEATED at the old piano in an hour of careless ease,
Naught designing, idly thrumming on the faded iv'ry keys,

Comes a strain of mystic music, far-familiar, soft and low,
Like the perfume of sweet flowers from the fields of long ago;

Running like a thread of silver through the tangle of the maze
That has marked my life's wayfaring since the dawn of other days,

Till I feel its thrall upon me with a firm, resistless hold,
In a flood of revelations brimming o'er with mem'ry's gold.

*Note XVII.—Appendix.

How it touches, how it thrills me in a subtle, strong embrace,
With its breath of youthful friendships;—many a half-forgotten face,

Fair ideals fondly cherished, hopes that languished in their prime,
Loves that flourished for a season in a brighter, sunnier clime,

Fragments of ungarnered fancies pointing toward a higher end,
Touches of divine emotion that I could not comprehend,

Mingled, clamor for expression in the chord of iv'ry keys,
Through the touch of idle fingers in this hour of careless ease.

* * * * *

Wafted through my study window on this balmy morn of May
Comes the swell of martial music, sounding faint and far away;

And it fills my heart and thrills me with a cadence all its own,
Keyed to notes of reminiscence of the heroes we have known;

Incidents of brave endurance at the bivouac, on the field,
Where our soldiers bore the banner of the Union, ne'er to yield.

Scenes of valor unrecorded where unnoted martyrs died
While the night's unfriendly silence e'en their parting plea denied.

'Tis the day for their remembrance, when we go with flag and flowers
To the hillsides where they slumber, 'mid the glory that is ours

In the fruits of their achievement, to recall their noble fame
And to offer each his tribute in the chorus of acclaim.

So the nation pays its tribute, gladly, proudly, once a year,
And the day with each returning has a meaning doubly dear,

While the anthem of fair tribute warms the hearts
of them who weep,
And the May-flowers deck the hillsides where
the fallen heroes sleep.

* * * * *

Hark, again the tramp of thousands, to the
roll of marching drums.
With a new-made hymn of battle, where a
grand young army comes!

Now the people turn attention from their trib-
utes to the dead
To review the long battalions, where they go
with stately tread,

'Tis another call as holy as the cause of sixty-
one,
While the veteran sire, surviving, sends his
blessing with his son.

But the country stands united for the issues of
to-day,
And the flag they bear to conquest serves alike
the blue and grey.

So the nation, strong, triumphant, takes the
field to meet the foe,
Fearless in its word proclaiming, e'en that all
mankind may know,

That the light of human freedom fostered in
this Western world,
Shines as clear as when oppression from its altar
erst was hurled.

Thus Columbia's sons are marching from the
midlands to the sea,
And the bugle of their coming sounds the chal-
lenge of the Free,—

Keys the soldier's new evangel, in an anthem as
sublime
As the holiest consecration on the muster-rolls
of time.

* * * * *

E'en again the boys are marching, home return-
ing from the field,
Garbed in all the martial glory of the brave,
who scorned to yield

E'en the prestige of a battle; while the con-
quering heroes' crown
Comes to us through their achievement, in a
halo of renown.

Proudly we go forth to meet them, all the
ardor unconcealed
That we gave them when they left us, though
as heroes unrevealed.

So again experience teaches that our land in darkest hour
Well may place complete reliance in its sturdy manhood's flower.

From the verdant fields of Cuba, and from Porto Rico's ways,
And the far Pacific Islands, swells a new-born song of praise,

Keyed to long familiar music, writ with Freedom's golden pen,
As a theme of inspiration to this world of warring men.

So our heritage of promise from the days that went before
Yet augments the nation's grandeur, growing still to more and more!

Thus the language of progression seals the story of the past;
And a people's proud possession aye shall hold its meaning fast.

Matilde of the Manse

A Tale of the Cuban War of Independence

ON Olayita's fatal field,
Where hero's blood was shed to shield
The patriot army, forced to yield,
When Spanish legions came;
A tablet by the mountain side
Marks where a woman's heart defied
The spoilers of her home, and died
For Cuba's name and fame.

When from Havana's buttressed walls,
Where tyrants ruled in gilded halls,
Weyler proclaimed his iron thralls
New from the court of Spain,
And gave his raiders bluff command
To slaughter with unsparing hand;
The fairest homes in all the land
Were leveled to the plain!

No manse in all the wide domain
Of Santa Clara ever gained
A prouder heritage than reigned
    At Agramonte Hall;
But when the rapine of the sword
Came down with the invading horde,
It fell, though its intrepid lord
    Had loyal been withal.

With murder lurking in the air,
No plea was marked, no fervent prayer
For clemency was heeded there;
    The Captain's grim behest
Was filled with ardor in the trust
Of compensation from the dust
Of plunder, and the savage lust
    That thrills the craven's breast.

So fell the house, and floors were red
With blood of its defenders dead,
And none escaped, save one, who fled
    In terror to the wood;
Within her heart the raging pain
Of sorrow, sprung from crimson stain
Of slaughter, crying out in vain
    Against the crime of blood.

Thus was Matilde, once the queen
Of many a noted festal scene
Within her father's house, and e'en
The first among the fair,
An orphan of that fateful hour
When tyranny denied the dower
Of freedom, and o'ertried the power
Of Cubans to forbear.

In bitterness of soul she thought
Of what their loyalty had brought,
And pledged a resolution fraught
With grief-envenomed hate,
To give the best she could command
Of means and force of heart and hand,
An offering to her native land,
And share her country's fate.

None marked the maiden as she sped,
Or heard the burning words she said,
Who had been reckoned with the dead
Beside her fallen sire;
But fortune willed her greater fame,
And when the patriot army came
She volunteered her family name
With patriotic fire.

When Maceo beheld her there
He paused in momentary prayer
That war's great ravages might spare
Such blameless innocence;
But when she told her grewsome tale
The soldier felt his manhood quail
And pledged his forces to assail
The foe in her defense.

Before the morrow's sun they met,
When saw the leader with regret
That, where the battle's gauge was set,
He could not hope to win;
And, seizing victory from defeat,
He gave the order to retreat,
But called for volunteers to meet
The Spaniards rushing in.

Then sprang within the blighting storm
Of leaden hail, a fragile form,
And yet a few, with pulse as warm,
Their lives in sacrifice
Surrendered there in Cuba's name;
Meanwhile the native army came
With reinforcements, to reclaim
The battle's awful price.

Too late! Alas, the dauntless band
Of heroes who had dared to stand
The brunt of combat, hand to hand,
    Had made their last defy;
But one, the foremost of them all,
The bravest, and the last to fall,
Asked to surrender, spurned the thrall
    With Cuba's battle cry.

And when, at last, the day was done,—
The sanguinary conquest won,—
They found her there, the orphaned one,
    Matilde of the manse.
So sad it was that not an eye
Which saw her thus, in death, was dry;
But something holy from on high
    Shone in that parting glance.

They wrapped her in the silken shroud
Of Cuba's flag, in tribute proud,
And bore her thus, in silence bowed,
    With reverence to the grave.
Brave Senorita! who shall know
How much the hosts of freedom owe
That mound, where Southern breezes blow
    From soft Atlantic's wave?

A Song for Cuba

GOD speed ye, Cuban patriots!
Ye hold the self-same cause
That drove Americans to arms,—
The highest, holiest laws
Of right to cherish, have, and hold,
What each may gather of life's gold.
When tyrant greed steps in and says:
"The larger tithe is mine,"
And justifies this penalty
By right of might divine;
Making no pledge of fair return,
The fires of hatred quickly burn.

And out of trying times like these
Is patriotism born;
Great armies marshaled, battles fought,
And dynasties uptorn.
So was it when Cornwallis came,
And Weyler's fate must be the same.
Not long the tyrant can persist,
And you must win the fight;
For with the modern God of wars
'Tis right that maketh might,—
We hearken by the Southern sea,
The glorious message: "Cuba's Free."

The Sailors of the Maine

HARK! to the thrum of muffled drum that
marks the funereal tread,
In sorrow bowed beside the shroud which bears
the nation's dead.
Unlooked the call that found them all stationed
at duty's post;
No parting word of them was heard for those
they honored most;
But o'er their graves the sad sea waves that
sweep with ocean's swell
From native land, in accents grand, repeat our
proud farewell.

Whose'er the blame, theirs but the fame of
duty nobly done,
Though by the might of soldiers' right they
fired not a gun;
'Tis ours to find if aught designed in treachery
was there,
And if so be, on every sea for vengeance to
declare;
But honor's star, in peace or war, shining,
shall never wane
For them who sleep beyond the deep, beside
the Spanish Main.

The New Evangel

"TO arms! to arms!" the summons comes,
Where clear the bugles blow;
"To arms!" repeat the rolling drums,
"We fear not any foe."
United in one phalanx grand,
From midland to the sea,
Ten million soldiers strong, we stand
Behind the land's decree.
None ever knew defeat who bore
That flag upon the field;
Proud victory marches on before,
And who oppose must yield.

On to Havana! where the stain
Of tyranny more deep
Than war's dread carnage, saving Spain,
Makes all creation weep.
As God's evangel, in the name
Of liberty and light,
Yon flag is chosen to proclaim
The passing of the night.
Woe be to any who gainsay
Its right, on land or sea,
While dawns the glory of the day
That sets fair Cuba free.

Forward, Fellow Countrymen

FORWARD, fellow countrymen, rally for the flag!
Raze the Spanish battlements where its colors drag;
Sound the knell of tyrant force, strike for liberty,—
Send the peal of freemen's zeal ringing o'er the sea;
Cheer the wearied patriot host on fair Cuba's isle
To the last victorious charge; bid the orphaned smile;
Wipe from out the Western world every bloody stain
Left of Spanish villainy; VINDICATE THE MAINE;
Fight as erst our fathers fought, let the slogan be:
Might is right for love and light, over land and sea.

The Passing of Garcia

HE is gone, the lion-hearted,
Fallen when the fight was done;
For his warrior soul departed
Sounds anew the signal gun.
Peace! the noble fight is ended,
And we pause beside his bier
For the cause which he defended,
With a momentary tear;
While in tender approbation
Of the newest flag that flies,
Waits the homage of a nation
Where the gallant Garcia lies.

The Coming of Peace

NOW soars again the Dove of Peace
In triumph o'er this happy land;
And never bird in glad release
Proclaimed a victory more grand.

In every war our arms have fought,
When instruments of peace were signed,
We marked some fair achievement wrought
For betterment of humankind;

But now in every sphere and clime,
Where lately pealed the battle's gun,
Rings Liberty's enlightened chime,
Keyed in accord to God's "Well done!"

Poems by the Way

Kaskaskia*

BY old Kaskaskia's lonesome towers,
Surrendered to decay,
We loitered through the random hours
That filled an idle day;
And, conning the historic lore
Of its so bright career,
We marveled as we stood before
Those wind-swept ruins drear.

Here made the pushing pioneer
His first successful stand,
When Indians drew the knife, through fear
To lose their chosen land;
Here, from a crude, log-fashioned fort
And wooden palisade,
There rose a town of wide report—
The seat of Western trade.

When other posts were fixed beyond
The river at its gate,
And when the star of empire dawned
Upon the maiden State,
'Twas here they brought the sov'reign seal
Of office, and the might
Of Justice, tempered to reveal
The scope of learning's light.

*Note XVIII.—Appendix.

So thrifty once, so proud and ware,
So full of life; and now
Within yon church long since no prayer
Has marked the sacred vow;
Gone is the pomp of Church and State,
And where in gilded halls
Once rang the challenge of debate,
The stalking heron calls.

By slow, insidious, constant wear,
The Mississippi's tide
Has swallowed up those acres fair,
As with vindictive pride;
And comes the time, nor distant far
Lest special effort saves,
When these old landmarks as they are
Must sink beneath the waves.

Farewell, Kaskaskia, we shall hold
Thy story ever dear,
And children, when thy fate is told,
Will give attentive ear;
We may not analyze thy blight,
Nor how nor why it came,
But of thy passing Time will write
On finest scrolls of fame.

Pictures of Home

SCENES about the old home:
Never quite so fair
Were they in the old days
When I tarried there.
Through the gates of childhood
Down the path of youth,
Memory, prone to wander,
Finds new forms of truth.

Erst, within the portals,
Ere the strife began,
Eagerly, the boy cried:
"When I am a man."
Now, a moment pausing,
Sate with life's alloy,
Wistfully the man says:
"When I was a boy."

And these printed pictures,
Simple things of art,
Find their way and welcome
Deep into my heart;
Standing as a landmark
Where no light appears,
To my bark reluctant,
Drifting with the years.

"Scenes about the old home."

—p. 134.

Lauejay*

WHENE'ER the world's great heart is stirred
By brilliant conquest won,
Its pulses beat to cries unheard
When nobler things were done;
Ne'er shone a deed of great avail
Athwart the tide of years,
But marked a stain in Honor's trail,
Bathed in a nation's tears.

Where virtue glows has evil stood
In contrast of design,
In its own hour accounted good,
Nor hardly less divine;
And aye, who first assailed its force,
With might to cry it down,
Pursued an unresponsive course
And earned the martyr's crown.

Mankind moves slowly by degrees,
On life's ascending way;
And he who writes the best decrees
Has little meed to-day.
Justice must weep and Mercy pray
With fervor unconcealed,
Ere, in the light of broader day,
The hero stands revealed.

*Note XIX.—Appendix.

II.

Such was our Lovejoy; so he braved,
When none would dare advise,
The darkest consequence, and saved
His country's rarest prize—
The right of freemen to proclaim,
With liberty of speech,
Whatever truths in honor's name
They may incline to teach.

Not of the race he dared defend,
Defenseless in their chains,
The ripest fruitage of the end,
His work to-day obtains;
Though every grateful heart enshrines
His name—all freedmen bless—
More brightly through this nation shines
Its independent press.

Priceless the heritage he gave,
And we, these many years,
Indifferent to the martyr's grave,
Bring now these tardy tears,
With gift of art in polished stone,
To herald far and wide
Those principles which he, alone,
For us defending, died.

III.

Yet compensation, coming late,
Is nothing less divine;
The homage of a grateful State
Marks this a pilgrim shrine—
A landmark by the path of life,
Where he who comes may read
The key to Lovejoy's noble strife
In his undying creed:—

The right of man, with due respect
To all accepted laws,
To speak as conscience may direct
In any chosen cause;
For this he stood, for this he died,
A martyr in the name
Of Liberty; though erst decried,
Now crowned with lasting fame.

Proud stands the shaft that marks his rest;
Proud in our minds are we,
Our debt of gratitude confessed,
Its majesty to see.
E'en so the lesson it imparts
From Alton's hallowed stand
Shall aye inspire all patriot hearts
In this enlightened land.

Sing Me a Song

COME, sing me a song, my darling,
A song of the olden time,
When love was a budding blossom,
And life an unwritten rhyme.
Aye, sing me a song of echo,
And let us recall again
The questions, the hopes unspoken,
And longings that thrilled us then.

Sing over the old, fond story
Of happily random days,
When we from the walks of childhood
Were led in converging ways.
Sing softly, while in the measure
I trace the responsive strain
Of music attuned to labor,
And trust that was never vain.

Sing slowly, and hold the rhythm
That plays through the magic bars,
And glows with reflected visions
As bright as the midnight stars.
And gratefully sing, for sorrows
And crosses and qualms of pain,
That, tried in the test of action,
Were turned to the gold of gain.

A Shame of Motherhood

"I wish't 'at I tould go to sleep!"
God bless the little one,
All unregarded in the throng,
Jostled and overrun;
Pretty, petite and four years old,
With face divinely sweet;
What weight of trouble seems to crush
Those tired baby feet!

"O, fank you, sir!" with quiv'ring lip
And wonder-blinking eyes,
She takes the proffered chair, and sinks
In slumber's paradise.
The careless mother, where is she?
To pleasure seeking prone,
She dances with the gay, and leaves
Her darling thus alone.

O, bane of motherhood, that e'er
The name were so abused,
And woman's holiest privilege
So shamelessly misused!
O, helpless childhood, pity, God,
And with Thy might protect;
When inhumanity can sink
To such supreme neglect.

The Lady Abigail

LITTLE Lady Abigail,
Why these bitter tears?
Sorrow should not know thee yet
In these tender years;
Join the playmates waiting there,
Dry those pretty eyes,
Seeming crosses now may prove
Blessings in disguise.

Bonnie Lady Abigail,
Pining all alone,
Can thy spirit mourn, indeed,
Joy so early flown?
He hath played thee false? Ah, well,
There are nobler men!
Virtue hath its own reward;
Love will come again.

Fearsome Lady Abigail,
Worry not thy head
Over those foreboding words
That the doctor said!

Mercy watches by thee, and,
Through the night of cares,
He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Heeds a mother's prayers.

Mournful Lady Abigail,
Sorrowed now indeed;
In the garb of widowhood,
Well thy heart may bleed;
Yet, a stronger arm of love
Guardeth even here
In the gloomy vale of grief;
Trust, and never fear.

Patient Lady Abigail,
Sitting so forlorn,
Look within thy heart and find
There the faith of morn.
Life hath nothing of despair
When its course is pure;
Light and hope inspire, while
Faith shall make secure.

Intuition

I DREAMED a dream so wondrous fair
Words may not tell, nor fancy see;
My life's divinest hopes were there,
And all my soul had longed to be!
I wakened, and in dread despair
Came back to stern reality.

Then was my thought: this world is woe,—
Its virtues false, its promise vain;
Till conscience wept, and even so,
My heart o'erflowed in bitter pain.
I closed mine eyes to think, and lo!
A voice that whispered: "'Tis thy gain."

Whence came the sound I never knew,
But all the tenderness it bore
That marked my vision, and the view
Of something holy gone before;
And, holding this assurance true,
I go my way, and fear no more.

At Two, and Two-Score

"ME don't like the Sand-man, papa,"
My wee one says, two summers wise;
And when I ask why, he answers:
"Dest 'cause he frows dust in my eyes."

O, beautiful faith of childhood!
How much I would give to reclaim
The pulse of its glad, fresh promise,
Unwitting position and fame.

When labor and loss and worry
Oppresses, and slumber denies,
How gladly I'd greet the Sand-man,
Were he to throw dust in my eyes.

The Song of the Camp

I.

CAMPING out! what rarest pleasure of the sportsman's golden leisure
When he bids a brief adieu to worldly care,
And is lost amid the glory of creation's primal story
In the woodland, miles away from anywhere.

II.

When the morning sunlight gleaming o'er the hills with all the seeming
Of the light that warms Arcadia's verdant shore,
Marks a vision to inspire in the heart the native fire
Of the free-born race that ruled these realms of yore.

III.

Here, in perfect peace and quiet, nurtured on the frugal diet
All dependent upon skill with rod and gun,
Flow the richest founts of reason, where no hint of mortal treason
Ever dawns between the courses of the sun.

IV.

Draw the fire and turn the spittle, stir the coffee (just a little),
Sink the oven in this bed of mossy loam;
While the bonfire, brightly burning, starts, perchance, an instant's yearning,
For the scenes that light the glowing hearth at home.

V.

Reminiscent songs and stories, oft rehearsed with added glories,
Greet the ears of night with melody and jest;
Till the final, crowning number yields to Nature's touch of slumber,
And the forest sings its lullaby of rest.

While Sitting in the Blind

WHILE sitting in the blind, alone,
Just watching my decoys,
I feel the subtle ecstacy
Of all a hunter's joys;
The memories glad of other days
Come tripping through the mind,
And rests the spirit, satisfied,
While sitting in the blind.

The whirring of the widgeon's wing,
The whistle of the teal,
And echo of my trusty gun,
Are music just as real
As concerts of the rarest price
That kings and queens may find,
And bring a goodlier return,
While sitting in the blind.

With trigger set and steady hand,
And every sense alert,
I wait the passing of the birds,
And nothing may divert
The eye's intentness on the scene
As, coming with the wind,
I time the mallard's headlong flight,
While sitting in the blind.

E'en in the intervals of rest,
With nothing else to do,
Yielding to introspective mood,
I catch the broader view
Of life in all its meaning, till,
To any fate resigned,
I feel a monarch for the nonce,
While sitting in the blind.

So speeds the time on wings as fleet
As any duck that flies,
'Mid pleasure's richest, ripest zest
A sportsman's zeal implies;
All careless of the world's affairs,
Nor to its ways inclined,
I envy not a soul on earth—
While sitting in the blind.

A Summons of Spring

WHEN comes from out the sunny South
The whisper of the voice of Spring,
And o'er the rolling river's mouth
The whistle of the mallard's wing,—
When breaks the lake in glad release
Of winter's grip of ice and snow,
And Nature's every force unbends
Beneath the sun's returning glow:

There comes a yearning to my heart
As of some creature to be free,
Long captive to a cruel part;
And every sound that speaks to me
Across the casement, with the wind,
Seems as a message from afar
To seek the woods,—the fields,—and find
Where those divine emotions are.

"Come forth, come forth," they seem to call,
Till throbs the blood in every vein;
And in a trice, forgetting all
Dull cares, these promised joys to gain,
I turn my hand to rod and gun
And wend away on field and stream,
All careless how life's course may run
While wrapt in this Elysian dream.

A Song of "Auld Lang Syne"

"FOR Auld Lang Syne," she sang the song
With depth of feeling fine;
And fell the music on my heart
With power most benign.
The flush upon her fair young face
Wakes memories so divine,
They bear me back in raptured trance
To "Days of Auld Lang Syne."

Their spell surcharges all my soul,
And I would fain resign
My being to that dream-bright world
Whose after-glories shine
Like star-gems in the crown of night;
Yet she may not divine
What dear unrest her words impart,
Who sings of "Auld Lang Syne."

Sing on, fair child, nor e'er suspect
The anguish that is mine;
For thee 'tis yet untasted rue,
For me the seasoned wine:
But I would have thee not omit
The pathos of a line,
Since life is more to thee and me
Through "Days of Auld Lang Syne."

A Twilight Reverie

'TIS the close of the day, and the twilight is falling,
Overshrouding the glow in the West;
While out over the river the whip-poor-will's calling
To its mate to come forth to the quest.

Now the noise of the bustle for pelf is declining,
For awhile all contention may cease;
And below the fair lights of the city are shining,
As the beacons of comfort and peace.

For the nonce we are left to the bent of full pleasure,
And are bound to no social decree,
While we revel, heart-glad, in this moment of leisure,
And reflect what it is to be free.

Then the moon, coming out of the East in its glory,
Silver-touches the sable of night,
And forgetting the day with its troublesome story,
We are lost in a trance of delight.

Thus whenever the world with its maddening plunder
Is too much for the mind to endure,
An' you go from its passions and crosses, out under
The blue sky, where life's fountain is pure.

From the man-ridden mart to the heart of true Nature,
Where the Ego is shamed by the Whole,
Joy, surrounded and bounded by all nomenclature,
Like a mantle, envelops the soul.

A Bachelor's Musing

AH, woe is me in my lonely life;
And why so alone, say you?
Because I was foolish and spurned my fate,
When erst it was kind, nor knew
The consequence of a scornful mien,
When fortune is prone to woo.

One summer's day in the long ago
I stood in a forest dell
And felt the pulse of a waking love—
The touch of its magic spell—
But steeled my heart to the tender tale
That Cupid was fain to tell.

The fairest hope I had dared to hold,
There proffered, I would not see;
Till shamed, love's messenger went away;
And now o'er the sounding sea
Of life's drear voyage, his vain appeal
Comes mockingly back to me.

Out of the Depths

FALSE Love, that poisons tender trust,
False Hope, that steals away
Life's nectar from the soul of Youth,
False Friendships that betray
The pledge of sacred confidence;
Alack, and well-a-day,—
A Trinity of Evil, these,
By whose infernal spell
Are wrought the darkest deeds of sin,
And of this triad fell
Are half the crimes that people earth
With progeny of hell.

Love and a Pipe

WRAPPED in the fragrant smoke wreaths blue,
My thoughts their fairest theme pursue;
And by this pledge of Friendship true,
I smoke my pipe, and think of you.

To One Disconsolate

SOME things there are in every life
That one were happy to forget,
Sounding the depths of memory's well
With leaden plummet of regret,—
Things we have said or failed to say,
Have done, perchance, or failed to do,
Which deaden pleasure's richest draught
With bitterest aftertaste of rue.

Mankind is ever prone to err;
But e'en the fact of conscious pain
Proves that the fault was not in vain,
And makes its author conqueror:
Who finds his folly gains a place
For truth and light and manly grace.

The Benedicts' Ball

THEY went to the Benedicts' ball,
And happy they were, each and all;
Life's worries forgetting
And nothing regretting,
They danced, at the Benedicts' ball.

No foibles and follies were there
That Fashion is wont to declare,
No formal restrictions
Of hearts' predilections
Of choice, at the Benedicts' ball.

A program informal and free,
Of dances delightful to see,
Went through to the measure
Of unalloyed pleasure
And cheer, at the Benedicts' ball.

No envious rivalries here,
Through youth's disposition to fear
  Of some one more favored
  In dress or behavior
Or charms, at the Benedicts' ball.

These loves are long-tested and true
In life, and there's nothing to do
  But yield to the dower
  That giveth this hour
Of glee, at the Benedicts' ball.

Know One Another

HOW sad it is, what bitter pain,
When souls by love's command
United once, are rent in twain
For lack to understand.

Earth has power to wound so deep,
No sorrow so unjust,
As theirs who, misconceiving, weep
For unrequited trust.

Know one another: speak the thought,
Nor fear the truth it shows;
For doubt and silence lead to naught
But cumulative woes.

Be brave, be plain, and never fear
The all-confiding truth,
Which leads to understanding clear,
And sweet, perennial youth.

At Christmas Time

O, Christmas bells,
How glad their swells;
What joy foretells
Their silver chime,
Of royal cheer
And precepts dear
That hover near
This holy time.

What wealth of things
Their cadence brings
While angels' wings
Do hover near;
And perfect love
From heav'n above
Doth seem to move
All creatures here.

O, raptured cries,
And sparkling eyes;
What sweet surprise
    They do confess;
As each fond heart,
All void of art,
Betrays its part
    Of happiness.

And all life's gold
These moments hold
Doth but enfold
    The peerless gem
In mercy's crown
Of blest renown,
That erst came down
    At Bethlehem.

Prof. W. H. von Riehl

KINSMAN by name and by the bond
Of work in a congenial sphere,
I fain would lay, in tribute fond,
One fragrant flow'ret on thy bier.

Thine was the meed of true renown,
Which they may gain who best achieve,—
Of simple worth the ample crown,—
That none unworthy may receive.

Yet e'en the rarest gift we bring
Is worthy only in degree,
Since all who now thy praises sing,
Exalt themselves in honoring thee.

Would that the world had more as great,
As truly noble men as thou;
And never knightly honors sate
With fairer grace on kingly brow.

"So great he was, though young of years,
So broad of nature and of mind."

—p. 162.

In Memoriam*

WHAT gloom of sadness in our hearts,
What weight of sorrows over all,
Paling the light of nobler arts
With shattered hopes, beyond recall;
What boundless deeps of grief are here,
And tears that flow with anguish rife,
Where lately was such wealth of cheer
And gladness in the joy of life.

From out the zenith of our hopes,
From fields of promise nobly fair,
Hath come one stroke of Fate that ope'd,
At once, the vials of despair.
Words are but feeble to extol
The breadth of manly worth we mourn;
The voiceless language of the soul
Alone may mark the message borne.

*Note XX.—Appendix.

So great he was, though young of years,
So broad of nature, and of mind,
So modest yet, though none his peers,
And ever to the right inclined;
Chief of the tribe that owned him king,
Light of the home that loved him well,
And pride of those true friends who bring,
In this dark hour, their fond farewell.

He faced the world to do his part,
And did it, and whate'er he found
Of good, was treasured in his heart,
Shrined in his depths of love profound.
Unscathed by every rule that stands
For good account in earth's career,
He stood serene, with ready hands
To duty's call, and boundless cheer.

We most shall miss who knew him best,
And shrew the fate that spurned his worth;
Yet in our weakness, self-confessed,
Some comfort comes, to sorrow's dearth;
For, although sharp the contrast be
As we stand helpless by his grave,
Yet are we richer in degree
Through the example which he gave.

And they who mourn him most of all,—
Who reared and loved him but to lose,—
Have something treasured up withal
That even fate may not abuse,—
His memory sealed within their breasts:
And nothing in the world's rough round
Can mar that image where it rests,
With radiant wreaths of laurel crowned.

To My Friend

O, FRIEND of mine, who, tried and true,
Through all these years, on devious ways,
Have canceled friendship's every due,
Alike to fair and stormy days;
What memories mark the penless page
Whose language speaks for us alone,
Of scenes and themes that grow with age
To sacred sequence, all our own.

Since erst we met, in callow youth,
Through happy chance, by college bowers,
Much have we gleaned of sober truth
That marks life's path, by thorns and flowers;
And more than by those books of rules,
Of sums and subjects, oft abstruse,
Since have we learned, in broader schools,
Of knowledge and its proper use.

Many there were whom, grave or gay,
We greeted in congenial mood,
And all in turn have gone their way,
Indifferent or misunderstood.
E'en to our mutual minds there came
Dread hours of doubt that neared despair,
But ne'er distrust nor fear could claim
The innate kinship that was there.

The touch of sympathetic souls,
Though oft they tarry far apart,
Gives substance to the fairest goals
That mark the empire of the heart;
And we who labor with our cares
By fields that else were dark in dearth,
Find in this bond that shares and bears,
The fairest flower that gilds the earth.

In the Faith*

MUST I thus early go the way
Where all earth's glories fade?
Unto that far, mysterious day,
Through intervening shade.
So fain I was to linger yet,
For just a little while;
That aims whereon my hopes were set,
My work might reconcile.

The world to me was ever kind,
Was all so bright and fair;
And every whispering breath of wind
Held promise rich and rare;
And I, the guerdon to receive
That crowns the minstrel's lay,
So much had promised to achieve,—
So much to sing and say.

*Note XXI.—Appendix.

Yet love hath answered all I gave,
And at its holy shrine
I learned the power of loss to save,
Through sorrows most divine.
Thine arm, though oft my lips were dumb,
Was ever true to me;
And not complaining, now I come,
My Nature's God, to Thee.
Life's roses bloom in silhouette
Where all its thorns are gone;
And knows the spirit no regret,
Beyond the after-dawn.

A Volume of Verse

A BOOK of verse, a simple gift,
But years of patient toil and thought,
Fine sifted from the heart and mind,
Upon its pages are inwrought.

Not any token of esteem
Of fair design that I might send,
Could more express my fondest hopes
To grace the wedding of a friend.

Thus, as the symbol of the years
Of truest friendship we have known,
Schoolmate, this little volume bears
My life's best wishes, all your own.

Accomplishment

OF life the best that man achieves
And most persuasive of content,
Is his who on his work receives
The verdict of accomplishment.

The ripest fruits ambition bears,
Where life's rewards are lost and won,
Are gained when cherished fame declares,
Approving, "It was nobly done."

To Own a Home

TO own a home, and be therein
The monarch of its bright domain,
To have and hold by frugal care,
With naught to lose and all to gain;

However humble be the hearth,
To know this spot is all my own,
Means more to me in sweet content
Than glory on a gilded throne.

Parting from the Seashore*

HOW quiet now these halls in their surrender!
The guests are going home, but yet awhile
They tarry on the beach, with feeling tender,
And give the friendly seas a parting smile.

I, too, would spend the farewell hour, bringing
My thoughts, down by the waters, quite alone;
And listen to the mighty ocean singing,
The grandeur of its music all my own.

"Deep as the seas!" who hath the understanding
The guarded secrets of its vast to find!
Seems as a host of voices, reprimanding:
"How great is Nature, and how weak mankind!"

*Note XXII.—Appendix.

Here marked I many a glad young mother
dreaming,
Her gaze abstracted on the billows' reach;
She saw her blessings in those eddies gleaming,
Beside her babies, playing on the beach.

Ah, trusting mother, ne'er may sorrow scatter
The happy group, here gathered on the strand;
Nor may you know those biting words that shatter
When "Happiness is like the fleeting sand."

Anon, in sadder mood, its music sounding,
No more responsive to youth's lithesome glow,
It speaks of life's unfathomed deeps rebounding,
And of this lifetide's ebb, and of its flow.

Aye, often on the lifestream, darkly speeding,
Feel we the lack of friendly hand to save;
The world oft lets its children fall, unheeding,
Cast on the strand unmarked by careless wave.

Not so the sea; with tireless endeavor
It aye reclaims its own, and doth defend
Its elements in unity forever.
How great, O Nature, is thy teaching's end!

A Word From Thee*

BE kind again, dear heart, and look at me,
And teach me to forget thy cold command;
Thy hasty word did wound me painfully,
And how it pains, thou canst not understand.

Right well I know thou wouldst not hurt me, dear,
And yet, and yet it burns into my soul,
And it hath cost me many a scalding tear—
This one harsh word that thou couldst not control.

E'en if the whole wide world should me disown,
With proud indiff'rence I would bear the loss;
What is't to me? But thou, dear one, alone,
Thou must not me with cutting phrases cross.

*Note XXIII.—Appendix.

O, dost thou know what joy there is for me
In one kind word from thy dear lips and heart?
'Tis like the oil that calms the stormy sea,
A healing balsam for the keenest smart.

Oft has a single cheering word of thine
Guided and warmed me through the darkest days,
A talisman—a watchword most divine,
When wearily I walked in untried ways.

And when, sometimes, my own good will doth fail,
What pride and strength comes from thy counsel just;
It nerves to courage new that cannot quail,
For thou hast builded well—in thee I trust.

Love Lorn

LOVE beckoned to me, but I saw not the sign;
He would have embraced me, but could not divine,
Since I was indifferent then.

He looked at me fondly, and longed to endear,
He called my name softly, but I did not hear,
Till, weeping, he left me; since when—

I list' for his footfall, but ever in vain;
Where goes he? I know not; alone in my pain,
I know but,—love comes not again.

God Bide With Thee

GOD bide with thee! No other hail
Hath so much meaning grace;
God bide with thee! No other hail
So suits all time and place.

God bide with thee! When this salute
Heart-warm is spoken fair,
God would defer to this salute
As much as any prayer.

Angling Quatrains

INCONGRUITY

STOOD the bard in contemplation by the softly
purling stream,
Where each gentle undulation shone with sunlight
all agleam;
And he wondered how these glories, where Truth's
echo seemed to dwell,
Could give rise to all the stories that home-coming
anglers tell.

SELF-PUNISHED

The man who does not love the hook and reel,
And varied pleasures rod and line afford,
Lacks life's best recreation, nor may feel
The inspiration of its rich reward.

AS WALTON SAID IT

Doubtless the Lord, as gentle Walton said,
Of certain luscious fruitage, foliage hid,
A nobler sport than angling might have made,
But doubtless, I am sure, He never did.

For an Old Maid's Concert

OLD maids are we, by stress of fate,
Single of heart, but not of mind;
By mutual impulse, e'en though late,
To matrimony all inclined.

Believing as the poet said,
That all things yield to force of will,
We feel, although our teens are sped,
That we may stoop to conquer still.

Therefore in conclave we are met,
To counsel what is best to do;
Simply to spread the waiting net
Of chance, or boldly to pursue.

Cupid, alack! we know not why,
Denies the service of his dart,
And we've no power to blind the eye
Or pierce the captive husband's heart.

Yet, by the grace of seasoned wit,
We have a scheme,—I may not tell—
That will succeed, though Cupid sit
Forever pouting in his cell.

"All things shall come to them who wait";
But we have waited over long,
And, lest the rescue come too late,
We formulate this motto strong:—

In spinster quest all things are fair,
And now that we have cut the ice,
We boom the market, and declare:
For each a man at any price.

Of the New Year

'TIS New Year; mark the joyous chime
Sounding its welcome through the night,
To this most recent Child of Time,
That cometh, crowned with morning light.
So moves the universe of God,
That through the course of ages sung,
There shone, and shines where'er men plod,
The lamp of promise, ever young.

And aye our pledges to achieve
With worthier purpose each new year,
Makes us the stronger to receive
The fullness of life's guerdon here;
Since every effort fair and pure,
Brings might to conquer and endure.

A Measly Sonnet

WHEN Fate made up her list of maladies
With which to torture and afflict mankind,
She fashioned with vindictive, spiteful mind,
Yet could not guard 'gainst certain remedies!
But when the mess of evil stuff was spent,
She took the dregs of each, and mixing these,
Her final fling of hatred to appease,
She called it measles, and was well content.
Had I a friend who of some dread disease
Must suffer, I would wish him aught but this!
Had I a foe, and vengeance to appease,
I'd pray that of all evils he might miss
Thy miasmatic, shameless, mongrel sting,
Thou stealthy, sneaking, plebeian, devilish thing!

The Song of the Bowler

WELL sighted, well pointed, three steps and deliver;
And mark, if the ball goeth fair,
A moment of waiting, a word of approval,
It scores for a strike or a spare.

A miscalculation, a pause or a fumble,
The ball with its chances is lost;
Regret and resolve, and with merciless promptness
The scorer is counting the cost.

How true to life's game, where each aims at ideals
Which only the best may achieve;
And surely well-earned are the marks to their credit
That singly the players receive.

Ah, yes, it were well, if the sum of life's story,
When lastly the Judge shall declare,
Might tally a strike on the high plane of purpose,
Or, leastwise, leave something to spare.

Occasional Thoughts

PURPOSE

Who has a purpose well in mind,
And holds its course with steady hand,
Is certain, soon or late, to find,
It's best reward at his command.

IN DEGREE

To have without kindness
Is little received;
To gain without labor
Is nothing achieved.

VALE SCIENCE

If there's contagion in a kiss,
As scientists would have us fear,
Science hath little chance, I wiss,
Ever to make its title clear.

The End of the Calendar

ALACK, and alas! I discover
To-night a new lesson of age,
As, turning my calendar over,
I come to the very last page.

So long, while its leaflets were falling,
I carelessly marked its career;
But now, with abruptness appalling,
It heralds the end of the year.

A year, with its days, months and seasons;
How quickly its passing is told;
A year, with its loves and its treasons,
Its record of dross and of gold.

I sang in the Springtime of flowers,
Rejoiced in the Midsummer prime,
And gloried in Autumn's rich dowers,
But recked not the passing of time.

Yet now, that its labors are over,
The crosses and losses I knew
Are merged in the thyme of the clover
That came in the breezes that blew

O'er highway and byway, while slowly
The leaves turned to yellow and brown;
And each has a niche that is holy
In memory's crypt of renown.

O, year that is past, I am dreaming
Of all thou wast pledged to obtain;
O, life that is mine, in the seeming,
How much of thy promise is vain!

E'en so, as the steeples are chiming
The change from the old to the new,
The Master Musician is timing
The pulse of the false and the true.

And so, as I turn the leaf over,
I learn a new lesson of age;
Then eagerly grasp the bright cover
That holds a new calendar page.

Appendix

NOTE I.—The scenes and incidents in the following poem are based upon historical fact, so far as known from old chronicles, and from knowledge gained by the late Professor William McAdams in his personal researches in the region covered. It is therefore not entirely mythical, and many of the salient points will be readily recognized by students of Indian history and settlers in the valley of the Illinois.

NOTE II.—There are many evidences that the cedar tree was a particular favorite with the Indians who formerly inhabited this region. They made many of their implements of its wood, some of which is taken from mounds in the shape of old trinkets by delvers to-day; and frequently, too, old stumps are found clinging to the crags on the Mississippi and Illinois bluffs, as hewn down ages ago by the aborigines.

NOTE III. — The Twin Springs on the Illinois river are located directly opposite what is known as Six Mile Island, and at the base of the immense hills on the summit of which are the mounds of the fallen warriors of whose last battle the

following pages treat. The water is famed for its excellent quality, and camping parties in this region almost invariably stop in the immediate vicinity.

NOTE IV.—This cave was investigated but a few years ago by a party of summer excursionists, who were able to reach it only by means of a long ladder of forty feet. At the entrance was a huge boulder that left but a small crevice open, and within on the stone floor, recumbent on its back, was the skeleton of a man. The only inhabitants of the cave were thousands of bats. The evidence was conclusive that in some long forgotten day a man had been imprisoned and left there to die.

NOTE V.—All Indians were in their wild state believers to a greater or less extent in things supernatural, and their lives were often swayed by the simplest of natural happenings, which they could not or would not logically interpret. It was this same characteristic which inspired and gave such precedence to their medicine men and so-called sages, whose words are potent even to-day among the semi-civilized tribes of the far West.

NOTE VI.—The plain, now a beautiful farming region on the Calhoun county side of the Illinois river, where the last great battle of the Illini and Iroquoi was fought, and where the former tribe fell, still bears many evidences of the conflict once held there. Formerly thousands of arrow heads, tomahawks and other stone implements were found there by archæological relic hunters, and there can be no doubt that the greatest battle in the aboriginal history of the valley was fought here.

NOTE VII.—We have the recorded testimony of the survivors of the once powerful tribe of Iroquoi that after the conquests which at one time promised the subjugation of the entire country, and which culminated in the destruction of the Illini, the tribe became plague-stricken, of small pox, and rapidly sank into comparative oblivion. And the same authorities attributed this visitation to the wrath of the Manitou for their sins of aggressive warfare.

NOTE VIII. — Among the many mounds crowning the lofty hills of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers within a few miles of this historic point are a few, and particularly one, in which the skeletons taken out prove them to have been the victims of war, as in many cases the skull was crushed and arrows still sticking in the brittle bones. The trophies taken out were also more varied and of different character from those found in mounds known to have been made by the Illini.

NOTE IX. — As stated in the text, archæologists have entirely cleaned out the famous mound, and the relics taken therefrom are to be found in the State and many public and private museums of Illinois. The curious visitor, however, can still find enough to convince him, and the view from the crest of the mound is one of the grandest to be found anywhere in the country.

NOTE X.—Glen Mary, more commonly known as Hop Hollow, occupying a great sweep of picturesque valley fronting on the Mississippi about two miles above Alton, Ill., has long been the abiding place of fantastic legends, some of them

original with the later inhabitants, but all probably inspired by the weird traditions that came with its conquest from the Red Men. The story of a buried treasure somewhere within these rugged hills is commonly known, and testimony as to supernatural inhabitants would not be hard to get among the dwellers in the vicinity. These data, while hardly fitted to a scientific treatise, are readily adapted to an Indian tale, and serve to embellish in this case the legend of the great white swan, a bird held sacred among many tribes of the race.

NOTE XI.—Marquette's history of his first voyage down the Mississippi tells of just such a meeting with the Indians in a beautiful valley in this vicinity, and of their kindly reception of his first teaching of "the white man's God."

NOTE XII. —This legend is the fruitage of an Illinois hunting party's entertainment of a native nimrod, on one of its camping trips after Western great game. The author can vouch only for the fact that the original narrator told it in all sincerity.

NOTE XIII.—This scene actually took place in a court room of a Western State some years ago. An Indian was arrested for vandalism, tried and acquitted on the grounds given.

NOTE XIV.—The legend of Starved Rock has been fully told by other writers and its repetition here would be superfluous. These lines represent simply the reflections of the author on a visit to the famous cliff at the headwaters of the Illinois.

NOTE XV. — The "old man of the woods" who first suggested this idea to the writer was, like most men with a pet theory, quite positive that some grim relationship existed between the hickory tree and the Indian; but whatever may be the scientific value of this suggestion, it is a patent fact that this species of our native timber will not bend to cultivation, and its death begins with the first turning of the virgin soil about its roots with plowshare or spade.

NOTE XVI.—The Indian phrases used in this poem are in the true language of the Mandans, a once powerful tribe of the plains west of the Missouri river. Key to Indian words: "Me"—I; "Helahdee"—The Pure Fountain; "Mahho"—Spirits; "Matotopa"—The Four Bears; "Pokomokon"—War Club; "Mahkee"—Shield; "Petemday"—Buffalo; "Maloheho"—Bear; "Ampah"—Elk; "Warrahpa"—Beaver; "Shakoko"—Mink; "Koka"—Antelope; "Kopeskoday"—The Shell; "Wukmiser"—Corn; "Marahka"—The Sun; "Mahsishe"—The War Eagle; "Meha"—A Woman; "Okeechedee"—The Evil Spirit.

NOTE XVII.—This and the several other poems under this caption are some thoughts suggested by the stirring themes and incidents incidental to the late Spanish-American war.

NOTE XVIII.—Until within the past year the scenes of this poem might be seen by any visitor to the site of the oldest city in Illinois and once proud Capital of the State; but time, neglect and the encroachments of the river have now almost obliterated the last land-marks, and Kaskaskia is only an historical reminiscence.

NOTE XIX.—This was the dedication ode at the consecration of the monument to the martyr E. P. Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill., Nov. 8, 1897. The shaft occupies one of the finest prospects on the high hills of the city, and is a magnificent memorial of a grateful State to a brave man.

NOTE XX.—There comes into one's life sometimes a bereavement so crushing as to mark an epoch and leave a wound that it seems time cannot anneal. Such was the death of Henry Rand Schweppe, May 28, 1899, not only to the near relatives and friends who best knew him, but to the community in which he lived. Born October 4, 1875, his twenty-three years of life were marked by the noblest effort, a degree of accomplishment not reached by many, and an unwavering friendliness and sincerity of character that made him universally esteemed. He loved, also, the field and camp; was president of the Black Hawk club, and the acknowledged leader of the society circles in which he moved. Death came to him in Black Hawk county, Iowa, and he met its summons in the happiest hour of his life, in a train wreck, while on his way to Minneapolis to place the engagement ring on the finger of his promised bride. It is hard indeed to reconcile such sorrows to the eternal fitness of things, unless it be in the consciousness that he contributed in his day more to the sum of the world's happiness and good than is achieved by many whose work is measured by the fullness of the allotted span of life.

NOTE XXI. — Suggested on reading of the death of a young poet, whose work had already attracted wide attention.

NOTE XXII.—This is a translation of one of the recent poems of Mrs. Marie Raible, of Alton, Ill., who is acknowl-

edged to be one of the foremost among German poets of the day. It represents as well as a translation can, the beauty of thought and symmetry of diction which have won for her an enviable fame.

NOTE XXIII.—This and the two succeeding poems are translations from the German, respectively, of Hedwig, Countess Rittberg, Johanna Ambrosius and Julius Sturm.

GENERAL NOTE.—While most of the matter in this book is here published for the first time, the author takes this opportunity of expressing his appreciation for previous publication and permission to reprint some of the subjects, to the publishers of the American Journal of Education, Outing, Recreation, The American Angler, and the daily papers of this city.

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